

THE
WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

VOL. II.

A



T H E
W O R K S

O F

Alexander Pope, Esq;

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING HIS

I M I T A T I O N S

A N D

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year M. DCC. III.

A R G U M E N T.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta; put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean-time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity; he relates to his guests the loves of Phæbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood: but finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes' alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes 5
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis 5
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longo retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia fulcis 10

Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
 While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
 Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
 The fire against the son his arrow drew; 15
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
 And while her arms a second hope contain,
 Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song 20
 At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
 The long confusions of his guilty race:
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing; 24
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, [blood;
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole;
 Or long before, with early valour strove,
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove. 30

*Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
 Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
 Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho
 Quod sævæ Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens 15
 Ionium, socio casura Palæmone mater.
 Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
 Præteriisse finam; limes mihi carminis esto 20
 Oedipodæ confusa domus; quando Itala nondum
 Signa, nec Arctoös ausim sperare triumphos,
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
 Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
 Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis 30*



And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
 Encrease of glory to the Latian name!
 O bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
 Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
 What tho' the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace, 35
 And crowd their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
 Tho' all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
 Conſpire to court thee from this world away;
 Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
 And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine; 40
 Tho' Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
 To part his throne, and ſhare his heav'n with thee;
 Yet ſtay, Great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
 Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies, 45
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
 Mean-while permit, that my preluding Muſe
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:

*Bella Jovis. Tuque, O Latia, decus addite famæ,
 Quem nova maturi ſubeuntem exorſa parentis
 Æternum ſibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
 Limes agat ſtellas, et te plaga lucida cœli
 Pleiadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35
 Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
 Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum 40
 Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua
 Parte poli; maneaſ hominum contentus habenis,
 Undarum terræque potens, et ſidera dones. 45
 Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior æſtro
 Facta canam; nunc tendo chelyn, ſatis arma referre
 Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,*

Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
 Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60
 What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
 Or how the youth, with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Nec furiis post fata modum, flammæque rebelles
 Seditione rogi, tumultisque carentia regum
 Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes; 55
 Cærule cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,
 Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
 Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo. 60
 Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ
 Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatus hiatus?
 Urgêt et hostilem propellens cædibus amnem
 Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
 Arcados, atqui alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

NOTE.

ψ. 65. Or how the youth.] Parthenopæus.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

13

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night. 70
But while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul.
The wretch then lifted to th' un pitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign, 81
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold:
Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r, 85
Allist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
Merferat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte tenebat. 70
Illum indulgentum tenebris, imæque recessu
Sedis, inaspectos cœlo, radiisque penates
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Diræ. 75
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ
Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis
Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur: 80
Dî fontes animas, augustaque Tartara poenis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda, 85

If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come :
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide :
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd ;
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight :
 O hear, and aid the vengeance I require, 101
 If worthy thee, and what thou mightst inspire !

Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
 Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
 Firmasti; si stagna peti Cyrrhæa bicorni 90
 Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
 Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
 Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis
 Ora senis, dum quæro patrem; si Sphingos iniquæ
 Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi;
 Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris 95
 Connubium gavissus inî; noctemque nefandam
 Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
 Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cedentibus ultro
 Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100
 Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipsa furenti
 Subjiceres: orbum visu regnisque parentem

My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
 'These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore:
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear; 115
 Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see.
 Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands: 121
 Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
 'They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
 Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi 105
 (Pro dolor!) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
 Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
 Hisce etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum
 Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex 110
 Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
 Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
 Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
 I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro 115
 Diffiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
 Quod cupiam vidisse nefas. nec tarda sequetur 120
 Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
 Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink; 125
 But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
 The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
 'Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight, 130
 And dark dominions of the silent night;
 Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
 To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
 'There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135
 The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted, Atlas, on the distant shore,
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height 140
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
 With eager speed the well-known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.

Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos
 Advertit vultus; inamœnum forte sedebat
 Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines, 125
 Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
 Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
 'Tristibus exiliit ripis. discedit inane 130
 Vulgus, et occurfus dominæ pavet; illa per umbras
 Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
 'Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
 Sensit adeste dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo 135
 Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
 Horrui, et dubia cœlum cervice remisit.
 Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle resurgens 140
 Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ulla
 Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.

A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head ; 145
 In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow :
 Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
 When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
 came 150

Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A drefs by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155
 She tofs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand :
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
 But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160
 Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,

Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerasæ, 145
 Turba minor diri capitis : sedet intus abactis
 Ferrea lux oculis ; qualis per nubila Phœbes
 Atracea rubet arte labor : suffusa veneno 150
 Tenditur, ac fanie gliscit cutis : igneus atro
 Ore vapor, quo longa fitis, morbique famesque,
 Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
 Palla, et cærulei redeunt in pectore nodi,
 Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus. 155
 Tum geminas quatit illa manus : hæc igne rogali
 Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus æra verber at hydro.
 Ut stetit, abrupto qua plurimus arce Cithæron 160
 Occurrit cælo, fera sibilâ crine virenti.

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round :
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound.
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice; 165
 Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
 Again Leucothoe shook at these alarms,
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
 Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
 And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175
 Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate engender'd by suspicious fears;

Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi
 Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.
 Audiit et mediis cœli Parnassus, et asper 165
 Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
 In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
 Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
 Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona pressit.
 Atque ea Cadmæo præceps ubi limine primum 170
 Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
 Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
 Gentilesque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis. 175
 Invidia, atque parens odii metus : inde regendi
 Sævus amor : ruptæque vices, jurisque secundi

NOTES

Ψ. 175. *Gentilisque animos subiit furor*, seems a better reading than *Gentilesque*.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

19

And sacred Thirst of sway ; and all the ties
Of Nature broke ; and royal Perjuries ;
And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne :
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided power.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay :
Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.

Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
Stare loco, fociisque comes discordia regnis. 180
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro : 185
Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite fulcos :
Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres, 190
Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno
Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrâ tenentem 195
Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret hæres.

Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200
No fretted roof with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate; 205
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage? 210
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,

*Hæc inter fratres pietas erat; hæc mora pugnae.
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.*

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis 205
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda potestas
Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno,
Dumque uter angustæ squalentia jugere Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
Et vitæ, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210
Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit

When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day; 215
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown: 219
What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)

Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215
Igne Noti? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
Oedipedæ sedisse loco. Jam forte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos, quis tum tibi, sæve, 220
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt
Plebis Echioniz, tacitumque a principe vulgus 225
Dissident, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui nans humili laxasse veneno 230

Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear? }
 These now controul a wretched people's fate,
 These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
 'Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in Bœotian fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?

Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti
 Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus 235
 Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque 240
 Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim
 Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe deorum,
 Terrarumque fator, fociis hanc addere mentem 245
 Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale quærere Cadmus
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros: 250
 Fraternasque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,
 Augurium, seros demisit adusque nepotes?

What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 235 What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow! 255
 Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign, \\\n
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 240 Who more propitious to the suppliant croud? 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
 245 As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurys blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 250 Feels all the fury of resistless fate; 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
 And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:

Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
 Sævior assurgens dempto consorte potestas! 255
 240 Quas gerit ore minas! quanto premit omnia fastu!
 Rictu unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
 Mitis, et assatu bonus et patientior æqui. 260
 245 Quid mirum? non solus erat. nos vilis in omnes
 Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurys 265
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
 250 Heu dubia suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
 Aspera fors populis! hic imperat, ille minatur. 270
 At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria cæli

Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lyes,
 Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
 'The realms of rising and declining day,
 And all th'extended space of earth, and air, and sea. }
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280
 'The Majesty of heav'n superior shone:
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
 'Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic Gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;

Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
 Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta 275
 Primæque occidæque domus, effusa sub omni
 'Terra atque unde die. mediis sese arduus infert 280
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
 Stellantique locat folio. nec protinus ausi 285
 Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum
 Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus Amnes,
 Et compressa metu servantes murmura venti, 290
 Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum

NOTE.

Y. 281.] *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 25

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295

The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy, 300
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!

Oh! race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!

This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305

Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.

For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad Ruler to misguide the day;

When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes. 295

Postquam jussa quies, filuitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis

Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur.)
Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris 300

Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum
Exigar in poenas? tædet favire corusco 305

Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
Brachia, et Æoliis defunt incudibus ignes.

Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
Solis equos, cælumque rotis errantibus uri,

Et Phaëtontæa mundum squallere favilla. 310
Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late

For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main :
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend ; 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding woe ? 320
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight :
 'Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood :
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood ?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name ?
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
 'The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again. }

Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.
 Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis. autor
 Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
 Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
 Mens cunctis imposta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
 Nesciat ? et toties excitam a sedibus imis 321
 Eumenidum bellasse aciem ? mala gaudia matrum,
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
 Crimina ? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactæ 325
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres
 Patris, et immeritæ gremium incestare parentis
 Apetit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
 Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula solvit,
 Projecitque diem : nec jam amplius æthere. nostro

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 27

Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Thro' violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus! just heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line:
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed: 345
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
 He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd.)

Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes 335
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,
 Dire senex; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
 Ultorem sperare Jovem, nova fontibus arma
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam 340
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina sunt
 Adrastus focer, et superis adjuncta sinistris
 Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis incessere gentem
 Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax 345
 Tantalus, et sævæ periit injuria mensæ:

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi saucia dictis,
 Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
 Talia Juno refert: Mene, o justissime divum,

Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms, 360
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove—
 Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, rase my Samos, let Mycenè fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;

Me bello certare jubes? scis semper et arces 350
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic
 Custodem Phariæ, somno letoque juvencæ 355
 Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
 Mentitis ignosco toris: illam odimus urbem,
 Quam vultu confessus adis: ubi conscia magni 360
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
 Facta luant Thebæ: cur hostes eligis Argos? 365
 Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,
 Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenæ.
 Verte sole Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo.

No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke:
 But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long record of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 'To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaüs, defil'd with blood;

Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuro Eoi 370
 Læta calet? melius votis Marætica fumat
 Coptos, et ærisoni lugentia flumina Nili. 375
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
 Subvenitque tuis fera hæc sententia curis; 380
 Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
 Emendare fat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda 385
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amoris
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
 Imposuisse locis: illic Mavortius axis
 Oenomaï, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Æmo.

Where once his steeds their savage banquet found;
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground. 391
 Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
 Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
 On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.
 Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
 The rage and grief contending in her breast. 401
 Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
 The dire, tho' just revenge which I prepare 405 }
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend;
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;

Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum 390
 Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
 Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
 Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consistere tectis, 395
 Quæ tandem invidia est? belli deflece tumultus,
 Et generis miseresce tui. sunt impia late
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno: 400
 At non ille gravis dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
 Reddidit hæc; Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
 Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos
 Consularem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
 Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem.

NOTE.

℥. 399. —with such sons as those.] Eteocles and Polynices.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 31

Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
 Their work, and rev'rence our superior will. 410
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer),
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air; 415
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid Hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day;
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the further strand; 420
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat. 410
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aquora fratris
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
 Nil fore quo dictis spectar. quare impiger ales 415
 Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenïa proles:
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
 Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
 Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420
 Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea iussa nepoti
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
 Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula 425
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
 Hinc causæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.

The God obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies. 439
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts, 435
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
 Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies, 441
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
 While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
 His daily vision and his dream by night; 446

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
 Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis. 430
 Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.
 Tum dextræ virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
 Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435
 Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.
 Defiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
 Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440
 Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
 Oediponionides furto deserta pererrat
 Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna 445
 Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
 Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans.

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne. 450

Pain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.

He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend, }
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)

And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465

Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum
Cerneret: hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci. 450

Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ dispendia: sed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum
Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem 455

Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.

Tunc sedit Inachias urbes, Danaciaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenæ,

Ferre iter impavidum. seu prævia ducit Erinnys,

Seu fors ille viæ, five hac immota vocabat

Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra

Deserit, et pingues Baccheo sanguine colles. 465

Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs :
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores :
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phæbus yields to night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light: 475
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew :
 All birds and beasts ly hush'd ; Sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright returns of day ;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night ;

Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
 Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
 Præterit, hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens, 470
 Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura
 Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
 Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phæbi 475
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
 Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat æra biga.
 Jam pecudes volucresque tacent ; jam Somnus avaris
 Inserpit curis, pronusque per æra nutat, 480
 Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.
 Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cælo.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

55

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486

Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.

At once the rushing waves with roaring sound

470 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,

With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490

And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:

But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds

ght, The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,

475 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,

Which the cold North congeals to haily show'rs. 495

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,

ay And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.

Now sinoaks with show'rs the misty mountain ground,

480 And floated fields ly undistinguish'd round.

Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500

And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:

The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,

And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:

ght;

Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris

Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phæbo.

Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ 495

Subtextit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis

470 Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco

Ore minatur hiems; venti transversa frementes

Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490

Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster

475 Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,

Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu

Perfoliat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt 495

Fulgura, et atritus subita face rumpitur æther.

480 Jam Nemea, Jam Tanareis contermina lucis

Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto 500

Inachus, et gelidas furgens Erasinus ad Arctos.

Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ.

Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn, 508
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:
 'The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
 That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515
 Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
 fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,

Aggeribus tenere moræ, stagnoque refusa est
 Funditus. et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum 508
 Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lycai.
 Ille tamen modo faxa jugis fugientia ruptis 510
 Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
 Aure pavens, passimque infano turbine raptas
 Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,
 Incertusque viæ, per nigra silentia, vastum
 Haurit iter: pulsatur metus undique, et undique frater
 Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520

When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd; 526
Thus still his courage, with his toils encreas'd :

With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey,
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530

The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :

Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies;

On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lyes,

On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise :

He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay, 535

And to the regal palace bent his way;

Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat

Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu

Stat rationis inops : jam jamque aut saxa malignis

Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto

Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ :

Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros

Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum

Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit

Pectore : dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.

Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis 530

Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens

Larissæus apex. illo spe concitus omni

Evolat. hinc celsæ Junonia templa Prosymnæ

Lævus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535

Lernæi stagna atra vadi, tandemque reclusis

Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit

Vestibula, hic artus imbri, ventoque regentes

On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lyes,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days. 540

By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line :
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate! 545

But who can pierce into the depths of fate ?)
Had sung—" Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
" A yellow lion and a bristly boar."

This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest; 550

This, great Amphiarus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulæ
Invitat tennes ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In senium vergens populòs Adrastus habebat, 540

Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.

Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat

Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.

Cui Phœbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu! 545

Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat

Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.

Hæc volvens, non, ipse pater, non, docte futuri 550

Amphiaræ, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.

Tantum in corde sedens ægrefcit cura parentis.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 39

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
 And seiz'd with horror, in the shades of night,
 Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
 Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
 He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n, 560
 'Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
 And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
 T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
 The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
 And views their arms and habit with surprise.
 A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
 Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
 Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
 Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570
 A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
 Oenides' manly shoulders overspread:

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens.
 Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum 556
 Consciis horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
 Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequeustus et imbres,
 Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
 Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus 560
 Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.—

Hic primum lustrare oculis cultusque virorum
 Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem
 Impexis utrinque júbis horrere leonem,
 Illius in speciem, quem per Teumesia Tempe
 Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570
 Ante Cleonæi vestitur prælia monstri.

Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze, 575
 The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,
 Reverses Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
 The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots thro' every vein. 580
 To Heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent Queen of Night.

Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign,
 Yon' spangled arch glows with the starry train :
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585
 'Till nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray
 Wakes to new vigour with the rising day:
 O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
 Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!

'Terribiles contra fetis, ac dente recurvo
 'Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
 Exuvia, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto 575
 Defixus senior, divina oracula Phœbi
 Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
 Obtutu gelida ora permit, lætusque per artus
 Horror iit. sensit manifesto numine ductos 580
 Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
 Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
 Ediderat. tunc sic tendens ad fidera palmas :
 Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores 585
 Ignea multivago transmittis fidera lapsu,
 Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
 Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
 Tu mihi perplexis quæsitam erroribus ultro

Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid; 590

Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,

And on thy altars sacrifices lay;

The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,

And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke. 595

Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes

Of awful Phœbus; I confess the Gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd,

Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;

Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600

And dust yet white upon each altar lies,

The relics of a former sacrifice.

The King once more the solemn rites requires,

And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.

His train obey, while all the courts around 605

With noisy care and various tumult sound.

Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati

Detegis. assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes!

Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni

Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt:

Electa service greges, lustraliaque exta

Lacte nova perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595

Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;

Deprendi, Fortuna, deo. sic fatus; et ambos

Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ

Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600

Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri

Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes

Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605

Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu

Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes

Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light ; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd in rich carpets on his iv'ry throne ;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest ; 615
 Around at awful distance wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd : 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.

Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas :
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas :
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610
 Aggressi, tendunt aratis vincula lychnis.
 His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
 Viscera cæsarum pecudum : his, cumulare canistris
 Perdomitam faxo Cererem. lætatur Adrastus
 Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
 Fulgebat stratis, folioque effultus eburno,
 Parte alia juvenes ficcati vulnera lymphis 615
 Discumbunt : simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
 Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longævus Acesten
 (Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidißima custos 620
 Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
 Imperiat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
 Nec mora præceptis ; cum protinus utraque virgo

When from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face; 625.
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
 Their down-cast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold turns paler as she dies.

Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)
 Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ 615
 Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
 Visa virum facies : pariter, pallorque, ruborque
 Purpureas hausere genas : oculique verentes 630
 Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ
 Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
 Jāsides pateram famulos ex more proposcit,
 Qua Danaüs libare deis seniorque Phoroneus 635
 Assueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras :
 Aureus anguicomam præfecto Gorgona collo
 Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras
 Exilit : illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
 Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallefcit in auro.

'There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars : 641
 Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight ;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze ; 645
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
 The first libation sprinkled on the ground,
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call ; 650
 With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
 While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
 Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Then thus the King : Perhaps, my noble guests,
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.

Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis : 640
Gargara desidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant moesti comites, frustra que sonantia laxa nt 644
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.

Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos,
Cœlicolas : Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad
aras 651

Laude ciet comitum, famulumque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus ; cui festa dies, largoque resecti
Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655
Forſitan, o juvenes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibusque
Præcipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit

Great was the cause; our old solemnities 660
 From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
 But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
 These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain 665
 With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
 (Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
 To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter blest'd, 670
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd! 675
 But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding Fair enjoy'd :

Relligio : magnis exercita cladibus olim 660
 Plebs Argiva litant : animos advertite, pandam :
 Postquam cœrulei sinuosa volumina monstri,
 Terrigenam Pythona, deus septem orbibus atris.
 Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem.
 Robora ; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trifulco
 Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,
 Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,
 Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
 Vix tandem explicitum ; nova deinde piacula cædi-
 Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
 Attigit. huic primis, et pubescentibus annis, 670
 Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates
 Intemerata toris. felix, si Delia nunquam
 Furta, nec occultum Phœbo sociasset amorem. 675
 Namque ut passa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,

Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
 Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born.
 The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine!
 Ah! how unworthy those of race divine! 685
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries, }
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.

Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
 Cynthia, sidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
 Edidit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
 Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
 Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
 Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti: 695
 Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
 Texta domus: clausa arbuti sub cortice libri
 Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
 Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum
 Concessere larem: viridi nam cespitem terræ
 Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem,
 Dira canum rabies morfu depasta cruento 695
 Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures

Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair; 700
 Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
 The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.

The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
 High on her crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs;
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
 When Night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
 Et metus: ipsa ultro sævis plangoribus amens
 Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 700
 Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro
 Imperat, nefandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,
 Phæbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
 Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora
 Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit
 Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
 Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squalida passu 710
 Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
 Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
 Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

But gen'rous rage the bold Choroëbus warms,
 Choroëbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms; 715
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side; 720
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
 The youths surround her with extended spears;
 But brave Choroëbus in the front appears:
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb imbru'd
 With livid poison, and our children's blood. 730

Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Choroëbus;
 Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi 735
 Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
 Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
 Portarum in bivio, lateri duo corpora parvum 740
 Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
 Ferratique unguis tenero sub corde tepescunt.
 Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante coronâ,
 Et juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro 745
 Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone curusco
 Scrutatas latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
 Reddit habere Jovi, juvat ire, et visere juxta
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
 Proluviem, et crasso squalentia pectora tabo,
 Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. stupet Inacha pubes, 750

The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;

Magnaque post lacrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent,
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
 Protere exanimes artus, asprosq; molares
 Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735
 Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
 Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiasse luporum.

Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis adeptæ
 Delius infurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
 Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
 Tecta superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
 Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors fila sororum 745
 Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,

Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!

Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti. 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Oculis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi 755
Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras:

Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
Has egere vias. ego sum qui cæde subegi,
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
Quæris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis, 766

But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find;
 If such inclemency in Heav'n can dwell,
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
 Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
 Merit distress'd, impartial Heav'n relieves:
 Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
 For not the vengeful pow'r that glow'd with rage,
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.

Mors hominum, et sævo tanta inclementia cœlo est;
 Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, solum
 Objecisse caput fatis præstabit. an illud
 Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
 'Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
 Lucet ager? sed quid fanda tua tela manusque
 Demoror? expectant matres, supremæque fundunt
 Vota mihi. fatis est: merui, ne parcere velles.
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
 Insignemque animam leto demitte: sed illum
 Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
 Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes
 Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis
 Latoïden, tristemque viro summissus honorem
 Largitur vitæ. nostro mala nubila cœlo

The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd;
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth
retir'd. 785

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise:
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest, (adjoin'd the King), 790
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O gen'rous Prince) my nation, or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold! 801

Diffugiunt. ac tu stupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. inde hæc stata sacra quotannis 785
Solemnes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeiaque placat
'Templa novatus honos. has forte invisitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures 791
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs: tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.

Dejecit mœstos extemplo Ismenius heros 796
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum
Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit:
Non super hos divûm tibi sum quærendus honores.
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri. 801

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 53

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805
 To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest).
 Replies:—Ah, why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
 Ev'n those who dwell where furs at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Lybian lands,
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820
 What Prince from those his lineage can defend?

3ed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,
 Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,
 Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. tum motus Adrastus 805
 Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
 Scimus, ait; nec sic aversum fama Mycenis 810
 Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
 Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,
 Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815
 Destituunt: ne perge queri, casusque priorum
 Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum
 Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestors' disgrace,
 And be thyself the honour of thy race.
 But see! the stars begin to steal away,
 And shine more faintly at approaching day.
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

825

Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:

831

835

Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis.
 Excusare tuos. Sed jam temone supino
 Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ.
 Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
 Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

825

Phœbe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivosis
 Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico
 Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;
 Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
 Ingratas Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:
 Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbrâ
 Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
 Tela tibi, longèque feros lentandus in hostes
 Arcus, et ætherii dono cessere parentes
 Æternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas

830

835

} skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 825 The change of sceptres, and impending woe;
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
 838 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
 Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast. 850
 In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
 835 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
 The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine! 855
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
 Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
 Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;

25 Parcarum prænoſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
 Et ſummo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus, 840
 Bella quibus populis, mutant quæ ſceptra cometa.
 Tu Phryga ſubmittis citharæ. tu matris honori 845
 30 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
 Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem
 Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megæra 850
 Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem
 5 Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
 Inſtimulat: ſed miſta famem ſaſtidia vincunt.
 Adſis, O memor Hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva 855
 Dexter ames; ſeu te roſeum Titana vocari
 Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, ſeu præſtat Oſirin.

Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
 In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain; 863
 Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
 Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns. 869

Frugiferum, seu Perfei sub rupibus antri
 Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

THE
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E.

From the NINTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

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O F

D R Y O P E.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair Consort of her son replies :
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No Nymph of all Ochalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride.) 10

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commoto ministræ,
 Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem :
 Te tamen, o genitrix, alienæ sanguine vestro
 Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
 Fata meæ referam ? quanquam lacrymæque dolorque
 Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
 (Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formâ 10

NOTE.

[*Dryope.*] Upon the occasion of the death of Hercules, his Mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable.

'This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andramon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought:
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a wat'ry Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she crop'd to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.

Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andramon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Est lacus, acclivi devexo marginæ formam
Littoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quóque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.
Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores.
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos,
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. vidi guttæ flore cruentas

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form; and fixing here became
 A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
 And first the pardon of the Nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground: 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And as she struggles, only moves above;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below;
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.

Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30
 Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes;
 Lotis in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
 Contulerat versos; servato nomine, vultus.

Nescierat soror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro 35
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,
 Haerunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat: 40
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo.
 Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
 Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tene-
 bant. 45

At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
 Addiderat nomen) materna rige screscentit

The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate ;
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
 Behold Andramon, and th' unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope enquire ;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear ;
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

Ubra ; nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
 Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis ; opemque
 Non poteram tibi ferre, soror : quantumque valebam,
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar :
 Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
 Ecce vir Andramon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt ;
 Et quærunt Dyropen ; Dyropen quærentibus illis
 Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, 60
 Adfusique suæ radicibus arboris hærent.
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas.
 Cara soror, lacrymæ verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis : ac, dum licet, oraque præstant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra gressus

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led :
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75 }
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed :
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree ; and say with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lyes :
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
 If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,

Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
 Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam. 70
 Viximus innocuæ : si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes ; et cæsa securibus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici ; nostraque sub arbore sæpe
 Lac facitote bibat ; nostraque sub arbore ludat.
 Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, 80
 Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
 Stagna tamen timeat ; nec carpat ab arbore flores ;
 Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.
 Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque !

Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
 Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95
 I can no more; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
 Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be; 100
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
 Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Quis si qua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis, 100
 A pecoris morfu frondes defendite nostras.
 Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
 Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95
 Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attolite natum.
 Plura loqui nequeo, nam jam per candida mollis
 Colla liber serpet; summoque cacumine condor.
 Ex oculis remove manu: sine munere vestro
 Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
 Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque 100
 Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

90
95
100
VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA.

90
95
100
From the FOURTEENTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

100
F 3

V E R T U M N U S

A N D

P O M O N A.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign :
 Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
 'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives;

REGE sub hoc Pomona fuit : qua nulla Latinas
 Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
 Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fœtus :
 Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes; 5
 Aus annat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
 Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce: 10
 Qua modo luxuriam premit, et spatiantia passim
 arachia compescit; fissa modo cortice virgam
 inserit; et succos alieno præstat alumno,

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew,
 These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
 To pass the fences, and surprise the fair?
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:
 And first a reaper from the field appears:
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.

Nec patitur sentire fitim; bibulæque recurvas
 Radicis fibris labentibus irrigat undis.
 Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
 Vim tamen agrestium metuens, pomaria claudit
 Intus, et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles.
 Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta juvenus,
 Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua panes,
 Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
 Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
 Ut potirentur ea? sed enim superabat amando
 Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
 O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
 Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago!

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 69

15 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 20 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bended boughs. 40
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 25 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
 A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
 30 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The God, in this decrepit form array'd; 50
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)

Tempora sæpe gerens sæno religata recenti,
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
 Sæpe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum 35
 20 Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvenes.
 Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator:
 Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares:
 Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumta,
 Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
 25 Repperit, ut caperet spectata gaudia formæ.
 Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra, 45
 Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
 Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
 Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.

70 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

" Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,

" As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"

Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 51

Than such as women on their sex bestow.)

Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,

Beheld the trees with Autumn's bounty crown'd.

An elm was near, to whose embraces led,

The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 61

He view'd her twining branches with delight,

And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for this vine (he said)

Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;

And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 62

Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.

Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move

Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.

Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!

What nymph could e'er attract such crouds as you

Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms, 71

Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.

Paucaque laudatæ dedit oscula; qualia nunquam 53

Vera dedisset anus: glebaque incurva resedit,

Suspiciens pandos autumnæ pondere ramos.

Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis: 61

Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;

At si staret, ait, cœlebs, sine palmite truncus,

Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.

Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo, 62

Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.

Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;

Concubitusque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.

Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus effec

Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapitheia movit

Prælia, nec conjux timidis audacis, Ulyssæi.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 71

Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80
 Far more than c'er can by yourself be guess'd ;)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care. }
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.

Hunc quoque, cum fugias averferisque petentes,
 Ille proci cupiunt ; et semideique deique, 75
 Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
 Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, anumque
 Nec audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis 80
 Plus quam credis, amo) vulgates rejice tædas :
 Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige : pro quo
 Ne quoque pignus habe. neque enim sibi notior ille est,
 Quam mihi, nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
 Nec loca sola colit ; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
 Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
 Ardor eris ; solique suos tibi devovet annos.
 Adde, quod est juvenis : quod naturale decoris 90
 Lunus habet ; formasque apte fingetur in omnes :

72 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

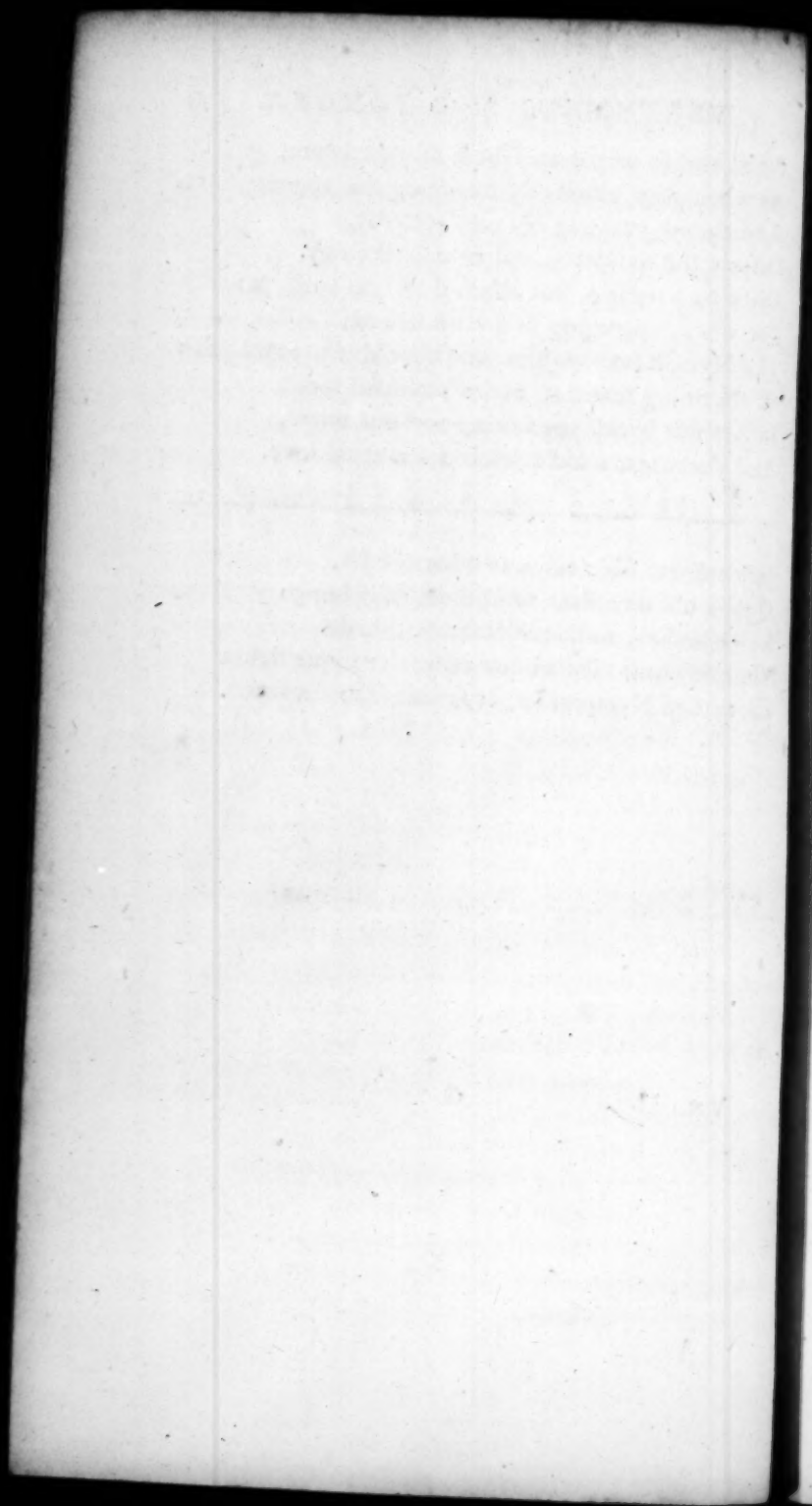
Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares and pleasures are the same. 93
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you :)
 He values these; but yet (alas !) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire:
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!
 This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again;

Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
 Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma co-
 luntur,
 Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra?
 Sed neque jam fœtus desiderat arbore demtos,
 Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas; 104
 Nec quidquam, nisi te. miserere ardentis: et ipsum,
 Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari.—
 Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
 Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110
 Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
 Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 73

Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
Of charming features, and a youthful face!
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

Instrumenta tibi : talisque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115
Evicit nubes, nullaue obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat : sed vi non est opus : inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.



IMITATIONS
OF
ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

IMITATION

OF

ENGLISH POETRY

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
 Yet swinken nat fans secresie.
 Thilke moral shall ye understond,
 From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland :
 Which to the Fennes hath him betake, 5
 To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
 Right then, there passen by the way
 His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
 Ducke in his Trowfes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of Ladies gent. 10
 " But ho ! our Nephew, (crieth one)
 " Ho ! quoth another, Cozen John ;"
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
 This filly Clerke full low doth lout :
 They asken that, and talken this, 15
 " Lo here is Coz, and here is Mifs."
 But, as he glozeth with speeches foote,
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote.
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20
 Te-hee, cry'd Ladies ; Clerke nought spake :
 Mifs star'd ; and gray Ducke crieth Quaaake.
 " O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter),
 " Be thilke same thing Maids longen a'ter ?
 " Bette is to pine on coals and chalke, 25
 " Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talk."

II.

SPENSER.

The A L L E Y.

IN ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
 Where-ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
 And many a Boat, soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
 The short-thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring ly;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
 Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbour-
 hood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy),
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20
 'The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
 'The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 'To her full pipes the grunting hog replies; 25

The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice :
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Magpy, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace ;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall :
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all ; 40
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call :
Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building-town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch ;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch. 50
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown ;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's
tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
 A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
 Well might, alas! that threat'ned vessel fail,
 Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
 We were too blest'd with these enchanting lays,
 Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
 But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
 Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
 Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
 Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
 A Poet made the silent wood pursue,
 This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's design, in which
 was painted the story of CEPHALUS and
 PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 While Procris panted in the secret shade;
 Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries, 15
 While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
 In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound: 20
 Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
 Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
 Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
 At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
 She views the story with attentive eyes, 25
 And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

The GARDEN.

FAIN would my muse the flow'ry Treasure sing;
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white, 5
The thin undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green Infants in their beds are laid, 15
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more. 20
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream;
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30

W E E P I N G.

W H I L E Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise;
And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretel the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that funny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears:
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On S I L E N C E.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be,
Twas one vast Nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And Wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of Words he turns again,
And seeks a surer State, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lyes,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confes'd;
Folly by thee lyes sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence! the knave's reputè, the whore's good name
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee!
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be.

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemisia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
 Yet in some things methinks she fails,
 'Twere well if she would pare her nails, 5
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
 Such nastiness, and so much pride
 Are oddly join'd by Fate:
 On her large squab you find her spread, 10
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lyes and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part except her face;
 All white and black beside: 15
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
 A prating thing, a Magpye hight, 20
 Majestically stalk;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

VOL. II.

H

P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade:
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And Agents from each foreign state
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her:
 To all obliging she'd appear;
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a Bride:
 In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)
 Still vary shapes and dyes;
 Still gain new Titles with new forms;
 First Grubs obscene, then wriggling Worms,
 Then painted Butterflies.

VII.

DR S W I F T.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY
PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing;
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need :
October store, and best Virginia 5
Tythe-pig, and mortuary Guinea :
Gazettes sent gratis down and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd ;
A large Concordance, bound long since ;
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince ; 10
A Chronicle of ancient standing ;
A Chrysostom to smoothe thy band in :
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul, 15
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife :
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill ;
And fast on Fridays—if he will ; 20
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

H 2

THE LITTLE BOOK

BY

J. W. L. T.

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A N
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O N
S A T I R E,

Occasioned by the Death of

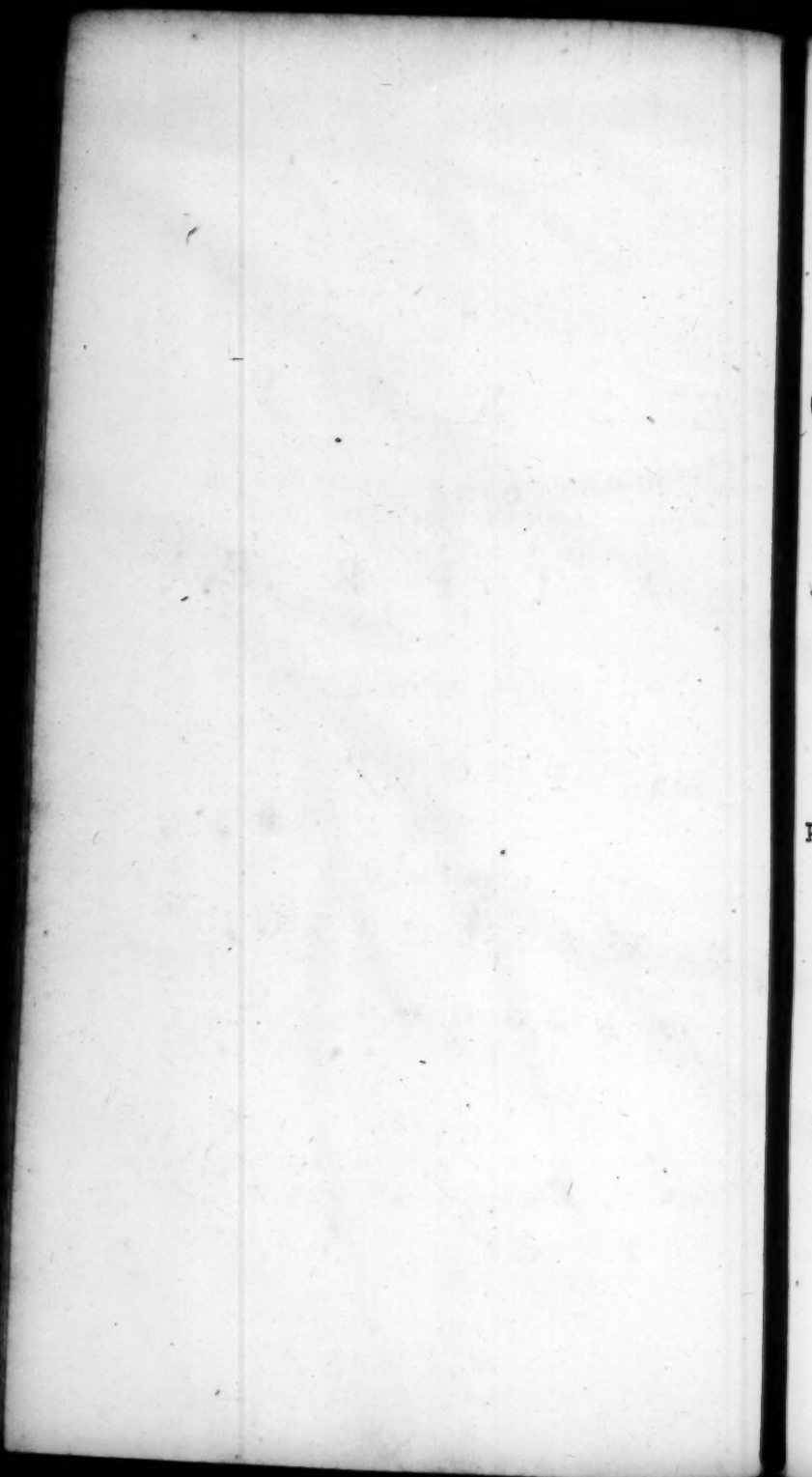
MR P O P E.

Inscribed to

MR W A R B U R T O N.

By J. B R O W N, A.M.

H 3



C O N T E N T S.

P A R T I.

OF the End and Efficacy of Satire. *The Love of Glory and Fear of Shame universal*, v. 29. *This Passion, implanted in Man as a Spur to Virtue, is generally perverted*, v. 41; and thus becomes the Occasion of the greatest Follies, Vices, and Miseries, v. 61. *It is the Work of Satire to rectify this Passion, to reduce it to its proper Channel, and to convert it into an Incentive to Wisdom and Virtue*, v. 89. Hence it appears that Satire may influence those who defy all Laws Human and Divine, v. 99. *An Objection answered*, v. 131.

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P A R T I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
 And POPE lyes number'd with the mighty dead!
 Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart, [heart!
 That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S
 You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound, 5
 (Unconscious BRITAIN!) slumbers o'er her wound.
 Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
 And flapp'd her wings, impatient for the Night:
 Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
 And counts the Triumphs of her growing reign: 10
 With unextinguishable rage they burn;
 And Snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his Urn:
 Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly foam,
 To blast the Laurel that surrounds his Tomb.

But YOU, O WARBURTON! whose eye refin'd 15
 Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
 Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
 And taste the raptures of a *pure* delight:
 You visit oft his awful page with care,
 And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there; 20
 You trace the Chain that links his deep design,
 And pour new lustre on the glowing Line.
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
 Intent from this great Archetype to draw 25
 SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
 Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend
 And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End;
 In ev'ry Breast there burns an active flame,
 The Love of Glory or the Dread of Shame: 30

The Passion ONE, tho' various it appear,
 As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
 The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
 And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
 The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest woo, 35
 And only fly, that Glory may pursue :
 She, Pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great;
 Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
 Haunts the proud City, and the lowly shade,
 And sways alike the Sceptre and the Spade. 40.

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
 To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame :
 But Man, vain Man, in folly only wise,
 Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies :
 With raptures hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
 Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
 As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
 He for the *imag'd* Substance quits the *true*;
 Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
 In quest of Glory plunges deep in Vice; 50
 'Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
 He forfeits ev'ry Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious NATURE plies her part;
 And still her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
 Each Pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
 Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.
 Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
 The Passions rage, obstructed in their course;
 Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
 And drown those Virtues which they fed before. 60

And sure the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
 Our worst of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.
 Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
 Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!

Part I. ESSAY ON SATIRE.

95

Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65
We seek our Virtues in each other's breast ;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field :
The Dæmon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold yon Wretch, by impious fashion driv'n, 75
Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown ;
Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod ;
To man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God. 80

Faith, justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
When to false Fame the captiv'd Heart is sold :
Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* dy'd ;
Nought could subdue his Virtue but his Pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia*'s innocence betray'd 85
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r : 'Tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
She points the arduous height where Glory lyes,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise :

IMITATIONS.

Y. 80. *To man a Coward, &c.*]

Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son Ame il croit ?
Il iroit embrasser la Verite, qu'il voit ;
Mais de ses faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par Poltronerie.

Boileau, Ep. iiii.

In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
 Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
 Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise;
 And bids the Hag in native horror rise;
 Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
 And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
 Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure. 100
 The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear;
 Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
 Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
 And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
 Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
 Desponding Fops resign the *clouded cane*: 106
 Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
 And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
 Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
 From pois'nous Vice she draws a healing dew. 110
 Weak are the ties that civil art can find,
 To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
 Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
 And Force strong-finew'd rends th' unequal toils:
 The stream of Vice impetuous drives along, 115
 Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
 Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the skies,
 Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wife;
 The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
 And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
 But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
 She plays a *ruling Passion* on the rest:

IMITATIONS.

Y. 110. From *pois'nous Vice*, &c.] Alluding to these lines of Mr Pope:

In the nice Bee what Art so subtly true,
 From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew.

Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen; all just reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns Duchesses to strumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whisp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the Dæmon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of Virtue wakes her scorn of Vice:
Where justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save; 145
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind. 150

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's
This to chastise, as That to bless was giv'n; [frown:
Alike the faithful Ministers of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent: 155
Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.

'They least are paid, who merit Satire most:
 Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boast:
 Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
 Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame? 160
 Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
 Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art:
 With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
 Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly steel.
 Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows, 165
 Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes:
 Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;
 The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

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P A R T II.

DARE nobly then: but conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just: 170
Nor court applause in these degen'rate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
As Foplings grin to show their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
To fix an arrow on a blameless heart. 180

O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou Fiend accurs'd, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Ravisher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return, 185
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil:
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confess, 195
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest;
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:

Lo *Shaftsb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
 And loads the Slave with honours not her own: 200
 Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
 Prophaneness spawns, pert Dunces nurse the joke!
 Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
 And own the *Idiot Guide* for once is true;
 Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule, 205
 Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a Fool;
 Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
 We *therefore* see a Fool, *because* we smile.
 Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
 Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek: 210
 Contemns each surly academic foe,
 And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dadalian arguments but few can trace,
 But all can read the language of grimace:
 Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand 215
 Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
 Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
 You, mighty *WARBURTON*, shall rage in vain;
 In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
 And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man: 220
 No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
 Her Base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
 Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
 And Coxcombs vanquish *BERKLEY* by a grin.
 But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
 That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
 On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
 She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
 As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
 And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230
 Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
 She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind;

Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.

Tho' distant Times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *present Age*: 240
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning Manners by the past:
Bid Britain's Heroes (awful Shades!) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye; 250
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jest,

Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a —.
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapt in Irony's transparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprise, 265
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.

Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd :
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye :
Who e'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly! 270
Deride not Vice : absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more : when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults : to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each Theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song;
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
'That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer :
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle*;
Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive King—of *Spades* !
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line; 290
Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue, by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid;
When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay, 295
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head : 300

When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold :
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking State :
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305
On mountain'd falshoods to invade the Skies :
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage :
On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus*' height,
Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight : 310
Then keener indignation fires her eye ;
Then flash her lightnings and her thunders fly ;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
'Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene :
She wounds reluctant ; pours her balm with joy ;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when *Virtue, Learning, Arts* decline,
She joys to see *unconquer'd* merit shine ; 320
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day :
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart :
Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known, 325
And just to ev'ry virtue, but his own ;
Hears unstain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name :
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend : 330
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view ;
And culls each flow'r to form a Wreath for You.

But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round :

Truth be your guide : disdain Ambition's call; 335

And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.

'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine* ;

The Poet can but *set it* in his line :

And who unmov'd with laughter can behold

A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold* ? 340

Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,

For Shame attends on prostituted praise :

And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,

But makes us grieve you want an honest heart. 344

Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's Law confin'd :

She yields description of the noblest kind.

Inferior art the Landscape may design,

And paint the purple ev'ning in the line :

Her daring thought essays a higher plan ;

Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man. 350

And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,

To paint the heart, and catch internal grace ;

By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,

Now bid a *Wolsey* or a *Cromwell* rise ;

Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355

Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.

Here sweet or strong may ev'ry Colour flow,

Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow :

Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,

And wake each striking feature into life. 360

P A R T III.

THRO' Ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
 The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
 Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
 And Man was guilty ere the Poet sung.
 This Muse in silence joy'd each better Age, 365
 Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
 Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
 And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
 First on the Sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
 And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart*. 370
 To *Latium* next, avenging SATIRE flew:
 The flaming falchion rough LUCILIUS † drew;
 With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
 And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd. 374
 Then sportive HORACE ‡ caught the gen'rous fire;
 For SATIRE's bow refin'd the sounding lyre:
 Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
 And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
 His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
 Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense: 380
 He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
 But while he sported, drove it to the heart.

NOTES.

* Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. *Hor.*

† Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
 Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
 Criminibus, tacita sudant praeordia culpa. *Juv. S. i.*

‡ Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum praeordia ludit,
 Callidus excussio populum suspendere naso. *Per. S. i.*

In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought;
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page:
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And swept audacious Greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swoln *Luxury*!—pale *Ruin* stalks behind!
As countless Insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r;
So barb'rous Millions spread contagious death:
The sickning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph' o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the solemn Cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace),
With shame compell'd her laden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his rhyme was prose;

He midst an age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and *Roman* strength of thought.

Yet scarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her Country's shame)
Ere *Britain* saw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest Time shall view with just disdain :

A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line 425

Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine :
Wit's shatter'd Mirror lyes in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.

Dry Morals the Court Poet blush'd to sing :
'Twas all his praise to say, "*the oddest thing.*" 430

Proud for a jest obscene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN ! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee !
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low-creeping in the putrid sink of vice : 436

A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Prostitute to Gain :
Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown : 440

Unival'd Parts, the scorn of honest fame ;
And Genius rise, a Monument of shame !
More happy *France* : immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care :

Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest, 445
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast :

Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire.

But see, at length, the *British* Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle : 450

Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
 And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one* :
 Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page;
 Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
 Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight, 455
 As Spectres vanish at approaching light :
 In this clear Mirror with delight we view
 Each Image justly fine, and boldly true :
 Here Vice, drag'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
 Beholds and hates her own deformity; 460
 While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
 With modest joy surveys her form divine.
 But oh! what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
 But faintly to express the Poet's mind!
 Who yonder Stars' effulgence can display, 465
 Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?—
 Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
 What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
 So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
 All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
 Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
 For thee the Graces left th' *IDALIAN* grove;
 With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
 Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
 Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came; 475
 The Bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame :
 With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
 Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
 At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
 Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale: 480
 Sublimar views *thy* daring Spirit bound;
 Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
 Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
 And bless mankind with Virtue's sacred store;

Part III. ESSAY ON SATIRE.

109

A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart, 485
 And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
 Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
 And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires :
 Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
 Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys ;
 But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray, 491
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day ;
 Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind ;
 Mildly dispels each wintry Passion's gloom, 495
 And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
 This praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n ;
 Thy genius was indeed a Gift from Heav'n.
 Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
 Reason and wit with strength collected shine ; 500
 Where matchless Wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
 Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse !
 That Friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse :
 That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy song, 505
 Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
 Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove ;
 'Tis almost Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathless Names, ye Sons of endless praise,
 By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays ! 510
 Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
 Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire ?
 Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by You,
 The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
 By You inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar, 515
 The sacred founts of social bliss explore,

In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's glory* fire her page :
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end :
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of Wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoaking censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed bards may see
That guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy.

320

325

F

H

A N
E S S A Y
O N

M A N :

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

T O
H. ST JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

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T H E
D E S I G N.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to Men's Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract—his *Nature* and his *State*; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last; and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently these Epistles, in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the AUTHOR of the ESSAY on MAN.

WHEN Love's * great Goddess, anxious for her son,

Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
A huntress in the wood she feign'd to stray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way.
But Venus' charms no borrow'd form could hide; 5
He knew, and worshipp'd his *celestial guide*.

Thus vainly, POPE, unseen you would dispense
Your glorious system of Benevolence;
And heav'nly taught, explain the Angel's song,
That praise to God, and peace to men belong. 10
Conceal'd in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whence such truths could spring, such lines
could flow.

Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
You only can *deserve*, or could *refuse*.

To the concealed AUTHOR of the
ESSAY on MAN.

YES, friend! thou art conceal'd. Conceal'd! but:
Ever the brightest, more refulgent now; [how?
By thy own lustre hid! each nervous line,
Each melting verse, each syllable, is thine :
But such philosophy, such reason strong, 5
Has never yet adorn'd thy loftiest song.

* Aeneid 1.

Dost thou, satiric, Vice and Folly brand,
Intent to purge the town, the court, the land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of Vice?

Dost thou thy *wit*, at once, and *courage* show,
Strike hard, and bravely *vindicate* the blow?
Dost thou delineate God, or trace out man,
The vast immensity, or mortal span?

Thy hand is known; nor needs thy work a name, 15
The Poem loudly must the Pen proclaim.
I see my friend! O sacred Poet hail!
The brightness of thy face defeats the veil.

Write thou, and let the world the writing view;
The world will know, and will pronounce it you. 20
Dark in thy grove, or in thy closet sit,
We see thy wisdom, harmony, and wit;
Forth breaks the blaze, astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet warbler of the spring, alone, 25
Sings darkling, but unseen her note is known;
And so the lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes.

J. R.

TO the AUTHOR of the ESSAY on MAN.

AS when some student first with curious eye,
Thro' Nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
He asks if this be just, if that be wise?
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress, 5
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress.
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind he opens, fair is all he sees:

Storms, tempests, earthquakes, Virtue's ragged plight,
And Vice's triumph, all are just and right: 10

Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wondrous plan,
Leading through all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue, 15

My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This false, that ill express'd, this thought not good;
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.

But reading more attentive, soon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound; 20

Saw man, a part of that stupendous whole,
" Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;"

Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his pow'rs adapted just to that;

Saw Reason, Passion, Weakness, how of use, 25
How all to good, to happiness conduce;

Saw my own weakness, thy superior pow'r,
And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.

TO MR POPE. By a LADY.

FATHER of Verse! indulge an artless Muse,
Just to the warmth thy envy'd lays infuse.

Rais'd by the soul that breathes in ev'ry line,
(My Phœbus thou, thy awful works my shrine!)

Grateful I bow, thy mighty genius own, 5
And hail thee, seated on thy natal throne.

Stung by thy fame, though aided by thy light,
See bards, till now unknown, essay to write:

Rous'd by thy heat, unnumber'd swarms arise, 10
As insects live beneath autumnal skies:

While Envy pines with unappeas'd desire,
And each mean breast betrays th' invidious fire.

Yet thou, great leader of the sacred train,
(Whose Parthian shaft ne'er took its flight in vain),
Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the age, 15
Let wholesome Satire loose through ev'ry page,
Born for the task, whom no mean views inflame,
Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

Yet not on Satire all your hours bestow;
Oft from your lyre let gentler numbers flow; 20
Such strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd retreats,
"And call'd the Muses to their ancient seats."
Thy manly force, and genius unconfin'd,
Shall mould to future fame the growing mind;
'To ripen'd souls more solid aids impart, 25
And while you touch the sense, correct the heart:
Yet though o'er all you shed diffusive light,
Base minds will envy still, and scribblers write.

Thus the imperial source of genial heat,
Gilds the aspiring dome, and mean retreat; 30
Bids gems a semblance of himself unfold,
And warms the purer ductile ore to gold:
Yet the same heat assists each reptile birth,
And draws infectious vapours from the earth.

AN ODE to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

In allusion to HORACE.

Pindarim quisquis, &c.

FOR me how vain to urge my vent'rous flight,
Where only POPE's strong pinion can aspire!
Horace, great source of true poetic light,
Would melt my waxen wings before his fire.

As Thames' clear stream thro' flow'ry margins flows,
 At first the humbler treasure of the plain, 6
 Till with each Spring the swelling current grows,
 And rolls his pow'r and commerce o'er the main :

So soft descending from the Muses' hill,
 POPE's spreading genius passes ev'ry bound, 10
 Big with experience, knowledge, taste, and skill,
 And flows uncheck'd o'er all poetic ground.

Fresh wreaths on ev'ry side await his head,
 Whether in Fancy's * wilds he youthful stray,
 In Humour's † frolic round new measures tread, 15
 Or boldly follow Pindar's ‡ pathless way.

Religious he maintains the Muse's trust;
 Pure in his breast he guards the sacred fire;
 To his progressive genius strictly just,
 Its use dilating as its pow'rs aspire. 20

Whether from antique rust with pious toil
 He polish Britain's ancient poets' || praise;
 Or planting careful in his better soil,
 Preserve more green the Greek and Roman bays §.

Whether the nobler monument ** he frame 25
 To those whom virtues, arts, or arms adorn;
 Or snatch from Envy ††, or the grave, their fame,
 Whom Pride oppresses, or the virtuous mourn :

Till (as of old, some heav'n-instructed bard)
 To Man ‡‡ he pleads in Truth and Wisdom's cause;
 Chastises Vice, deals Virtue her reward, 31
 Supports the pulpit, and supplies the laws.

* Pastorals, and Windsor Forest. † Rape of the Lock.
 ‡ Odes. || Chaucer and Donne. § Homer, Horace, Ovid.
 ** Epitaphs. †† Epistles. ‡‡ Essay on Man.

High on the swelling gale of constant praise,
 We see this *Swan* of Thames sublimely rise,
 Ev'n Envy's * breath but serves his flight to raise, 35
 And lift his spotless plumage to the skies.

While on the humble banks, far, far below,
 Unmark'd, my tuneless reed I painful try;
 Like the small bee, with toil collecting slow
 The faint perfume which lowly shrubs supply. 40

To move our absent PRINCE †, (the realm's desire),
 Then let his skill compose th' attractive song;
 Or you, my LORD, may boldly strike the lyre,
 You, to whose call the willing Muses throng.

Persuasion decks your words with ev'ry art, 45
 To lead the social band in sportive wit;
 To guide the judgment, and to warm the heart,
 While senates held in rapt'rous silence sit.

Or (tho' each bard in rev'rence mute should wait)
 A joyful people his return shall greet, 50
 The busy hall shall cease from loud debate,
 Contending parties bow at GEORGE's feet.

Applauding senates shall record his fame,
 And hail the arbiter of Europe home;
 Him haughty Gallia's dread they shall proclaim; 55
 From him the Turk and Tartar wait their doom.

Fate never gave a king so great before;
 A king so good no nation shall behold:
 For him the grateful realm shall Heav'n adore,
 For him, whose reign revives the age of gold. 60

* The Dunciad.

† This Ode was written when his Majesty was expected
 from Hanover, in the year 1736-7.

To peaceful congress when his arts have led
 Europe's contending lords, inur'd to war,
 The sacred olive wreath shall grace his head,
 That wreath, so often purchas'd by his care.

My voice unheard would join the gen'ral praise, 65
 When well-plac'd Eloquence exhausts the theme;
 When mitred lords their hands to Heav'n shall raise,
 And give God thanks with piety extreme.

With loyal luxury to croud the board,
 Artists shall vie, th' eternal feast succeed; 70
 Woods, lakes, and seas, their plenty shall afford,
 And slaughter'd hecatombs profusely bleed.

But far from kings and courts, my humbler fate
 Blesses with health and peace my homely fare,
 Where my calm wishes frame no schemes of state, 75
 But still for BRITAIN'S welfare form the pray'r.

To the AUTHOR of the ESSAY on MAN.

By Mr SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever work to such perfection wrought!
 How elegant the diction! pure the thought!
 Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd rays,
 But one bright beauty, one collected blaze;
 So breaks the day upon the shades of night, 5
 Enlivening all with one unbounded light.

To humble man's proud heart thy great design;
 But who can read this wondrous work divine,
 So justly plann'd, and so politely writ,
 And not be proud, and boast of human wit? 10

Yet just to thee, and to thy precepts true,
 Let us know man, and give to God his due;

His image we, but mix'd with coarse allay,
 Our happiness to love, adore, obey;
 To praise him for each gracious boon bestow'd, 15
 For this thy work, for ev'ry lesser good,
 With prostrate hearts before his throne to fall,
 And own the great Creator all in all.

The Muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
 On trifling subjects, in enervate strains; 20
 Be it thy task to set the wand'rer right,
 Point out her way in her æreal flight,
 Her noble mien, her honours lost restore,
 And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
 Thy theme sublime, and easy verse will prove 25
 Her high descent, and mission from above.

Let others now translate; thy abler pen
 Shall vindicate the ways of God to men,
 In Virtue's cause shall gloriously prevail,
 When the bench frowns in vain, and pulpits fail. 30
 Made wise by thee, whose happy style conveys
 The purest morals in the softest lays,
 As angels once, so now we mortals bold
 Shall climb the ladder Jacob view'd of old;
 Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the way 35
 To the bright regions of eternal day.

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v. 17, &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, v. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, v. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, v. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive fa-

culties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, §. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, §. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, §. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, §. 250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, §. 281, &c. to the end.

E P I S T L E I.

A WAKE, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.

Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man: 5

A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield! 10

The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;

Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise;

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can; 15
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,

NOTES.

ψ. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd, &c.*] Hunc cognoscimus
solummodo per Proprietates suas et Attributa, et per sapi-
entissimas et optimas rerum structuras et causas finales.
Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.

Observe how system into system runs, 25
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous Man ! the reason wouldst thou
 find, 35

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
 Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
 Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade ; 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confests'd
 That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due degree ;
 'Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
 'There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man :
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong ? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce ; 55
 Yet serves to second too some other use,
 So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought: 70
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions, ver. 64.

Now wears a garland an Egyptian God.

After ver. 68. the following lines in the first Edition.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matter, soon or late, or here or there?

The blest to-day is as completely so

As who began ten thousand years ago.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar walk, or Milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
Some happier island in the wa'try waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire; 110

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat should die as Caesar bleed.

In the first folio and quarto,

What bliss *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliss *below*.

After ver. 108. in the first Edition;

But does he say the Maker is not good,
'Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd:
Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,

Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;

Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such; 115

Say, here he gives too little, there too much:

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,

Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;

If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,

Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,

Re-judge his justice, be the GOD of GOD.

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lyes;

All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125

Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.

Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,

Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:

And who but wishes to invert the laws

Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,

Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine;

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,

" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;

" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew 135

" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;

" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;

" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;

" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;

" My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,

From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
 " Th' exceptions few; some change since all began;
 " And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
 If the great end be human Happiness,
 Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less? 150
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design;
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? 155
 Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
 Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind;
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160
 From pride; from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps it might appear, 165
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind,
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But all subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of life. 170

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 150. *Then Nature deviates, &c.*] "While comets move
 " in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions, blind
 " Fate could never make all the planets move one and the
 " same way in orbs concentric; some inconsiderable irregu-
 " larities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual
 " actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which
 " will be apt to increase, 'till this system wants a reforma-
 " tion." *Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, Quest. ult.*

ψ. 169. *But all subsists, &c.*] See this subject extended in
 Ep. II. from ver. 90, to 112, 155, &c.

The general ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
And little less than Angel, would be more; [soar,
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180

Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: 185

Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,

Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190

No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,

But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?

NOTES.

Y. 174. *And little less than Angel, &c.*] *Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Psalm viii. 9.*

Y. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness, &c.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that, in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 100
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 105
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 110
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 115
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From pois'ning herbs extracts the healing dew! 120
 How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!

NOTE.

Y. 213. *The headlong lioness.*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time, they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable that the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.

Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd ! 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide !
 And Middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one ?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high, progressive life may go ! 235
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee, 240
 From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
 Or in the full Creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky :
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world ;

VARIATIONS.

✓. 238 Edition first.

Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.

All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260

What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
'To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim

To be another, in this general frame;

Just as absurd, to mourn the task or pains 265

The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;

Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame; 271

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,

As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;

He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

NOTE.

ψ. 265. *Just as absurd, &c.*] See the prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

Ep. I. E S S A Y O N M A N. 135

Submit—in this, or any other sphere, 285

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;

All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see ;

All Discord, Harmony not understood ; 291

All partial Evil, universal Good.

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,

One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, is RIGHT.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reason, to think of God when she pretends,

1. Begins a Cenfor, an Adorer ends.

EPISTLE II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

THE business of Man not to pry into God, but study himself. His Middle Nature : his powers and frailties, §. 1. to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, §. 19. &c. II. The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, §. 53. &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, §. 67, &c. Their end the same, §. 81, &c. III. The PASSIONS, and their use, §. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, §. 132 to 160. Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, §. 165, &c. Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, §. 177. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature ; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident : What is the Office of Reason, §. 202. to 216. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, §. 217. VI. That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, §. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, §. 241. How useful they are to Society, §. 251. And to Individuals, §. 263. In every state, and every age of life, §. 273, &c.

E P I S T L E II.

I **K** NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of Mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 2. Edition first.

The only science of Mankind is Man.

After ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wisely sure a modest Ape might aim
To be like Man, whose faculties and frame
He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor see.
Observe how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face!
It must be so—why else have I the sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind, 35
 Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end;

VARIATIONS.

Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
 And why this ardent longing for a maid?
 So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
 'Till set on end, and married to his mind.
 Go, reasoning thing! assume the Doctor's chair,
 As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
 Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
 Then drop into thyself, &c.

ψ. 21. Edition 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,
 Correct old Time, and teach the sun his way.

ψ. 35. Edition first.

Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
 Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
 Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
 Explain his own beginning or his end?

Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
 Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress, 45
 Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts.
 Of all our Vices have created arts; 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the time to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain:
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
 Each works its end, to move and govern all:
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all Good, to their improper Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lyes,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect ly:

'That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng; 75
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The Action of the stronger to suspend
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
 Attention, habit and experience gains;
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 80
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite;
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name, 85
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
 But greedy That, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r: 90
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
 And reason bids us for our own provide,
 Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under Reason, and deserve her care;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
 Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frightened Fools,
 Of good and evil Reason puzzled Schools,
 Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy!
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road; 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
 These, mix'd with Art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
 And when, in act, they cease, in prospect, rise;
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On diff'rent senses, diff'rent objects strike:
 Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak the organs of the frame; 130

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious voyage! where how useless lyes

The compass, if no pow'rful gusts arise!

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;

The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath.
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
'The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came.
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sow'r.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey: 150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;

Ep. II. ESSAY ON MAN. 143

A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends :

Like varying winds, by other passions tofs'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170

Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence:
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,

The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill, 175
Grafts on this Passion our best principle :

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd,

The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;

The surest virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!

See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence, sloth, philosophy;

Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;

Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Passion, Virtue points her Charms;
Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.

And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath.
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came.
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse; 145
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sow'r.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey: 150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;

Ep. II. E S S A Y O N M A N. 143

A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends :

Like varying winds, by other passions tofs'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 170

Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence:
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,

The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill, 175
Grafts on this Passion our best principle :

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd,

The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;

The surest virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!

See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence, sloth, philosophy;

Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;

Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Passion, Virtue points her Charms;
Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
 Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
 The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide? The God within the mind.
 Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205
 In Man they join to some mysterious use;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
 As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.

NOTE.

ψ. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phrase
 for conscience.

VARIATIONS.

Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
 Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
 But Virtues opposite to make agree,
 That, Reason! is thy task, and worthy thee.
 Hard task, cries Bibulus, and reason weak.
 —Make it a point, dear Marquis, or a pique.
 Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
 A debt to reason, like a debt at play.
 For right or wrong, have mortals suffered more?
 B— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore;
 Whose self-denials Nature most controul?
 His, who would save a sixpence, or his Soul?
 Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
 Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
 What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
 We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill; 235
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220. in the first Edition followed these,
 A Cheat! a Whore! who starts not at the name,
 In all the Inns of Court or Drury-Lane?

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel swears the Agent is a dog,
 The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
 Against the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
 For whose ten pound the County twenty pays.
 The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
 And dying, mourns small Villains hang'd by great.

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.
 That counterworks each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice; 240
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master or a servant, or a friend, 250
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 -Supremely blest'd, the poet in his Muse. 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
 See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law, 275
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before; 281
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
 Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy :
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
 Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a Fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to SOCIETY,

- I. THE whole Universe one system of Society, v. 7. &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, v. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, v. 49. II. Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual, v. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society in all animals, v. 109. III. How far Society carried by Instinct, v. 115. How much farther by Reason, v. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, v. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, v. 166; and in the Forms of Society, v. 176. V. Origin of Political Societies, v. 196. Origin of Monarchy, v. 207. Patriarchal Government, v. 212. VI. Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, v. 231, &c. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, v. 237, &c. The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, v. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, v. 285. Mixt Government, v. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 300, &c.

E P I S T L E III.

HERE then we rest; "The Universal Cause
 "Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend; 10

Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See Matter next, with various life endow'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.

See dying Vegetables life sustain, 15

See life dissolving vegetate again:

All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20

Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;

One all-extending, all-preserving Soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least;

Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;

All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone; 25

The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

VARIATIONS.

V. 1. In several Editions in 4to,

Learn, Dulness, learn! "The Universal Cause, &c.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 'Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
 Who for the table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn: 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
 "See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose: 46
 And just as short of reason He must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul;
 Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole: 50
 Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.

NOTES.

ψ. 45. *See all things for my use !]* On the contrary, the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself*, Prov. xvi. 4.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions.

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
 All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
 As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right;
 But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55

Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride; 60

All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch æthereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near:
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

NOTE.

ψ. 68. *Than favour'd Man, &c.*] Several of the ancients,
and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were
struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular
favourites of Heaven.

Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best, 85
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit;
 While still too wide or short is human Wit; 90
 Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain,
 This too serves always, Reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours!
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council; states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
 On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways,
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays:
 Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste,

So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love:
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
 The state of Nature was the reign of God: [trod;
 Self-love and Social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
 'The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
 'The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
 'The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.
 See him from Nature rising slow to Art?
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part: 170
 'Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
 " Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
 " Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 " Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;

NOTE.

ψ. 173. *Learn from the birds, &c.*] It is a caution commonly practis'd among Navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the birds, and to venture on these without further hesitation.

"Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
 "Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
 "Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 "Here too all forms of social union find,
 "And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind: 180
 "Here subterranean works and cities see;
 "There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 "Learn each small People's genius, policies,
 "The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
 "How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 "And Anarchy without confusion know;
 "And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 "Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 "Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 "Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190
 "In vain thy Reason/finer webs shall draw,
 "Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 "And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
 "Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 "Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 "Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
 "And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 "Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

NOTE.

Y. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus.*] Oppian. Hallicut. l. i. describes this fish in the following manner: "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resembles the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

VARIATIONS.

Y. 197. in the first Editions.

Who for those Arts they learn'd of brutes before,
 As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore.

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made: 200
 Here rose one little state; another near,
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow, 205
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
 fate, 215
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.

VARIATIONS.

¶. 201. *Here rose one little state, &c.* In the MS. thus:
 The Neighbours leagu'd to guard the common spot:
 And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.
 For want alone each animal contends;
 Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
 Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
 She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
 No Treasure then for rapine to invade;
 What need to fight for sun-shine or for shade?
 And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man;
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
One great first father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one: 230
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law;
'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe, 246
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground, 250
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blefs'd abodes; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food; 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore 285
The Faith and Moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his shadow drew:

Taught Power's due use to People and to Kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too;
 'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.
 Such is the World's great Harmony, that springs 295
 From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest'd; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
 For Forms of Government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight; 305
 His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
 All must be false that thwart this One great End;
 And all of God that bless Mankind, or mend. 310
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

NOTE.

Y. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools contest.*] The author of these lines was far from meaning that no one form of Government is, in itself, better than another (as that mixed or limited monarchy, for example, is not preferable to absolute) but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itself, can be sufficient to make a people happy, unless it be administered with integrity. On the contrary, the best sort of Government, when the *form* of it is preserved, and the *administration* corrupt, is most dangerous. See Letter 4th to Dr Atterbury.

On their own Axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

319

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

E P I S T L E IV.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to HAPPINESS.

I. FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered, from v. 19 to 77. II. It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, v. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, v. 37. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, v. 51. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, v. 70. III. What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, v. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, v. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Law in favour of particulars, v. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, v. 133, &c. VI. That external Goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue, v. 167. That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches, v.

185. Honours, v. 193. Nobility, v. 205. Greatness, v. 217. Fame, v. 237. Superior Talents, v. 259, &c. *With pictures of human Infelicity in Men possessed of them all, v. 269, &c.* VII. *That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, v. 309, &c. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, v. 326, &c.*

E P I S T L E IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
 name :

That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lyes, 5
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise :
 Plant of celestial seed ! if drop'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee.
 Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20
 Some place the blifs in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
 Some sunk to Beasts, find Pleasure end in pain;
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;

VARIATIONS.

ŷ. 1. *Oh Happiness! &c.* in the MS. thus,
 Oh Happiness, to which we all aspire,
 Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
 That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
 That ease, for which we labour and we die.

Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; 30
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause 35
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing Individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind: 40
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfy'd;
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think, 45
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be greater than the rest, 50
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

VARIATIONS.

[After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."
You'll find, when Causes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase; 55
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant, 65
 God in Externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear: 70
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Ly in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
 The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.
 All other bliss by accident's debarr'd;
 But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward:
 In hardest trials operates the best,
 And more is relish'd as the more distress.

But Health consists with Temperance alone; 81
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Sav, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains: 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools, the Good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See Godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let sober Moralists correct their speech,
 No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

Ep. IV. E S S A Y O N M A N. 167

God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is universal Good,
 Or Chance admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
 Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be impress'd, 125
 Oh blameless BETHEL! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For CHARTRES' head reserve the hanging wall? 130

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?
 A kingdom of the just then let it be:
 But first consider how those Just agree.
 The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
 One thinks, on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
 Another deems him instrument of hell;

NOTE.

ψ. 123. *Shall burning Etna, &c.*] Alluding to the fate of those two great naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Etna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
 The real source is not in God, but man.

If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that there is no God. 148

What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.

The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too; 146

And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

“ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”

What then? is the reward of Virtue bread? 150

That Vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

“ No—shall the good want Health, the good want

“ Pow'r?”

Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,

“ Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no

“ king?” 160

Nay, why external for internal giv'n?

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 142. in some editions,

Give each a system, all must be at strife;

What diff'rent systems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore struck
out of the text.

Ep. IV. ESSAY ON MAN. 169

Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand; 165
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize. A better would you fix?

Then give Humility a coach and fix, 170
Justice a Conq'rour's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.

Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind: 180

Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing.

How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

VOL. II.

P

Fortune in men has some small difference made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 'The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 'The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200

You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
 'The rest is all but leather or prunella. 204

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
 'That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:

But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards? 215
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies.
 "Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?"

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind!

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 207. *Boast the pure blood, &c.*] in the MS. thus,
 The richest blood, right-honourably old,
 Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
 May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
 Without one dash of usher or of priest:
 Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
 As Christ-Church once all colleges beside.

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the Politic and Wise ; 225
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes :
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great : 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good AURELIUS let him reign, or bleed 235
 Like SOCRATES, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have ; and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if TULLY's, or your own. 240
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An EUGENE living, as a CAESAR dead ;
 Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine, 245
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod ;
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave ; 250
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;

And more true joy MARCELLUS exil'd feels,
Than CÆSAR with a senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lyes?

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 160

'Tis but to know how little can be known;

To see all others' faults, and feel our own:

Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,

Without a second, or without a judge.

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 166

Painful preheminance! yourself to view

Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;

Make fair deductions; see to what they mount; 170

How much of other each is sure to cost;

How each for other oft is wholly lost;

How inconsistent greater goods with these;

How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease:

Think, and if still the things thy Envy call, 175

Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?

To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 180

If Parts allure thee, think how BACON shin'd,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,

See CROMWELL, damn'd to everlasting fame!

NOTE.

Y. 283. Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name.] And even this fantastic glory sometimes suffers a terrible reverse. Sacheverel, in his *Voyage to Icolmkill*, describing the church there, tells us, that "In one corner is a peculiar inclosure, in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and

If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete!
 In hearts of Kings; or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray! 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood or ill-exchang'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd walls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with her noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
 Know then this truth, (enough for Man to know)
 "Virtue alone is happiness below." 310

NOTE.

"the Isle of Man. This (said the person who shewed me
 "the place, pointing to a plain stone) was the monument
 "of the Great Teague, king of Ireland. I had never heard
 "of him; and could not but reflect of how little value is
 "Greatness, that has barely left a name scandalous to a
 "nation, and a grave which the meanest of mankind would
 "never envy."

The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears: 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find; 330
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
 And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
 With patience this, with moderation that;
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, 341
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd, 315
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find): 320
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

NOTE.

Ψ. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, &c.* Plato, in his first book of a Republic, hath a remarkable passage to this purpose. "He whose conscience does not reproach him, has chearful *Hope* for his companion, and the support and comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great poet, O Socrates, very elegantly says, "That he who leads a just and holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which fills his heart with joy, and is the support and comfort of his old age: *Hope*, the most powerful of the divinities, in governing the ever changing and inconstant temper of mortal men."

Τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἐαυτῷ ἀδίκον ξυνειδοῖσι ἡδεῖα ἐλπίς αἰὲ παύρεσι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γρηγορότος, ὥς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σώκρατες, τούτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὅς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀτάλλυσσα γρηγορότος συνασρεῖ ἐλπίς, ἧ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολυτρόπον γνώμαν κηδεμένη. In the same manner Euripides speaks in his *Hercules furens*.

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσιν

Πέποιθεν αἰεὶ. τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακῷ.

Ψ. 105

"He is the good man in whose breast *Hope* springs eternally; but to be without *Hope* in the world is the portion of the wicked."

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Bliss, but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: but human soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race:
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind:
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 373. *Come then my friend! &c.*] In the MS. thus.
 And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
 While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
 While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing she feels,
 Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
 Wilt thou, my St John! keep her course in sight,
 Confine her fury, and assist her flight?

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;**
 That **REASON, PASSION**, answer one great aim; 395
 That true **SELF-LOVE** and **SOCIAL** are the same;
 That **VIRTUE** only makes our bliss below;
 And all our Knowledge is, **OURSELVES TO KNOW.**

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 397. *That Virtue only, &c.] in the MS. thus,*
 That just to find a God is all we can,
 And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

T H E
UNIVERSAL PRAYER*,
D E O O P T. M A X.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

* Mr Warburton gives the following account of Mr Pope's design in this prayer, viz. " It may be proper to observe, " that some passages in the preceeding Essay having been " unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the Author compos'd this prayer as the sum of " all, to shew that his system was founded in *free-will*, and " terminated in piety: that the first cause was as well the " Lord and Governor of the Universe, as the creator of it; " and that, by submission to his will (the great principle " enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination; but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of *Hope* and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the Poet chose for his model the " *Lord's Prayer*, which, of all others, best deserves the " title prefixed to his paraphrase."

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
 That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when Man receives;
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

180 UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
'Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all Space,
Whose altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

[As some passages in the *ESSAY ON MAN* have been suspected of favouring the schemes of Leibnitz and Spinoza, or, as Mr Warburton says, (in his *Note on the UNIVERSAL PRAYER*, p. 230.) of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, it is thought proper here to insert the two following Letters, to show how ill-grounded such a suspicion is.—These letters are not in any London edition.]

Mr POPE to the younger RACINE, a celebrated French writer, occasioned by his animadversions on his *ESSAY ON MAN*, in a poem called *Religion*.

S I R,

London, Sept. 1. 1742.

THE expectation in which I have been for some time past, of receiving the present you have honoured me with, was the occasion of my delaying so long to answer your letter. I am at length favoured with your poem upon *Religion*; and should have received from the perusal of it a pleasure un-mixed with pain, had I not the mortification to find, that you impute several principles to me *, which I abhor and detest. My uneasiness met some alleviation from a passage in your preface, where you declare your inability, from a want of knowledge of the English language, to give your own judgment

* The following lines, *chant. 2. l. 92,—97.* are probably alluded to.

“ Sans doute qu’a ces mots, des bords de la Tamise
 “ Quelque abstrait raisonneur, qui ne se plaint de rien,
 “ Dans son flegme Anglican repondra, *Tout est bien.*
 “ Le grand Ordonnateur dont le dessein si sage,
 “ De tant d’etres divers ne forme qu’un ouvrage,
 “ Nous place a notre rang pour orner son tableau.”

On the ESSAY ON MAN †. You add, that you do not controvert my tenets, but the evil consequences deducible from them, and the maxims which some persons of notable sagacity have imagined that they have discovered in my poem. This declaration is a shining proof of your candour, your discretion, and your charity. I must take leave to assure you, Sir, that your unacquaintance with the original has not proved more fatal to me than the imperfect conceptions of my translators, who have not sufficiently informed themselves of my real sentiments. The many additional embellishments which my piece has received from the version of M. D. R—, have not done an honour to the ESSAY ON MAN, equal to the prejudice it has suffered from his frequent misapprehension of the principles it inculcates. These mistakes, you will perceive, are totally refuted in the English piece which I have transmitted to you. It is a critical and philosophic commentary, written by the learned author of the Divine Legation of Moses. I flatter myself, that the Chevalier Ramsay will, from his zeal for truth, take the trouble to explain the contents of it. I shall then persuade myself that your suspicions will be effaced, and I shall have no appeal from your candour and justice.

† M. Racine, in an advertisement prefixed to his answer to M. Rousseau's Letter against the Free-thinkers, speaks thus: " N'ayant pas le bonheur de pouvoir lire dans l'original les ouvrages de M. Pope, le plus celebre poete que l'Angleterre ait aujourd'hui, je ne pretens pas attaquer ici ses veritables sentimens, dont je ne puis etre certain. Je ne pretens attaquer que ceux qui sont devenus si communs parmi nous depuis la lecture de son *Essai sur l'Homme*, dont les principes n'etant pas assez developes pour nous, sont cause que plusieurs personnes croient y trouver un Systeme, qui n'est peut-etre pas celui de l'auteur."

In the mean time, I shall not hesitate to declare myself very cordially in regard to some particulars about which you have desired an answer.

I must avow then openly and sincerely, that my principles are diametrically opposite to the sentiments of Spinoza and Leibnitz; they are perfectly coincident with the tenets of M. Paschal, and the Archbishop of Cambray; and I shall always esteem it an honour to me, to imitate the moderation with which the latter submitted his private opinions to the decisions of the church of which he professed himself a member.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. P O P E.

M. RACINE's Answer to Mr POPE.

S I R,

Paris, Oct. 25. 1742.

THE mildness and humility with which you justify yourself is a convincing proof of your religion; the more so, as you have done it to one on whom it is incumbent to make his own apology for his rash attack upon your character. Your manner of pardoning me is the more delicate, as it is done without any mixture of reproach. But though you acquit me with so much politeness, I shall not so easily forgive myself.

Certain it is, a precipitance of zeal hurried me away. As I had often heard positions, said to be yours, or at least consequences resulting from your Essay, cited against certain truths, which I now find you respect as much as myself, I thought I had a right to enter the lists with you. The passage in my preface was extorted from me by a degree of remorse

which I felt in writing against you. This remorse, Sir, was awakened in me by the consideration that the greatest men are always the most susceptible of the truths of Revelation. I was really grieved to think that Mr Pope should oppose a religion whose enemies have ever been contemptible; and it appeared strange, that in a work which points out the road to happiness, you should furnish arms to those who are industrious to misguide us in the research.

Your letter, at the same time that it does honour to your character, must bring a blush in my face for having entertained unjust suspicions: but, notwithstanding this, I think myself obliged to make it public. The injury which I have done you was so, the reparation should be the same. I owe this to you, I owe it to myself, I owe it to justice.

Whatever may be said in your favour in the commentary you have sent me, it is now rendered unnecessary by your own declaration. The respect which you avow for the religion you profess, is a sufficient vindication of your doctrine. I will add, that, for the future, those among us who shall feel the laudable ambition of making their poetry subservient to religion, ought to take you for their model; and it should ever be remembered, that the greatest poet in England is one of the humblest sons of the church.

I am, &c.

MORAL ESSAYS,

I N

FOUR EPISTLES,

T O

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosò,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetae,
Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

Hor.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been comprised in Four Books :

The *First* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four Epistles.

The *Second* was to have consisted of the same number : 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reason.

2. Of those Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. Of the Nature, Ends, Use, and Application of the different Capacities of Men.

4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit ; concluding with a Satire against a Misapplication of them, illustrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The *Third* Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science of Politics, in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained ; together with the several Modes of Religious Worship, as far forth as they affect Society ; between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection ; so that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and last Book concerned private Ethics, or practical Morality, considered in all the Circumstances, Orders, Professions, and Stations of human life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years : but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his strong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra Poeta* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the *three* following; so that:

The SECOND Book was to take up again the *First* and *Second* Epistles of the *First* Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a Satire against the misapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the *Fourth* Book of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occasionally, in the other *three*.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to resume the subject of the *Third* Epistle of the *First*, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an EPIC POEM; as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable less invidious; in which all the great Principles of true and false Governments and Religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The FOURTH and last Book was to pursue the subject of the *Fourth* Epistle of the *First*, and treats of *Ethics*, or practical Morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following Epistles were detached Portions: the *two first*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding Book.

EPISTLE I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract : Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, §. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, §. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, §. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. §. 31. The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by, §. 37. &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, §. 41. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, §. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, §. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, §. 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, §. 95. No judging of the Motives from the actions ; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, §. 100. II. Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree : The utter uncertainty of this from Nature itself, and from Policy, §. 110. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, §. 135. And some reason for it, §. 140. Education alters the Nature, or at least Character, of many, §. 149. Actions,

Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ♀. 158 to ♀. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his RULING PASSION: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ♀. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ♀. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ♀. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ♀. 222, &c.

E P I S T L E I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human kind;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as Books, too much. 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake:
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guess.
 There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less; 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
 On human actions reason tho' you can, 25
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man:

NOTE.

Y. 18. There are above three hundred sorts of moss observed by naturalists.

His Principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will Life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the Passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
'Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light):
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

NOTE.

ψ. 56. — *peeps not from its hole.*] Which shews that this grave person was content with his present situation, as finding but small satisfaction in what a famous Poet reckons one of the great advantages of old age.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light from chinks that time has made. *Scrib.*

At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
 All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves :
 When universal homage Umbra pays,
 All see 'tis vice and itch of vulgar praise. 60
 When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;
 Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
 Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole ; 65
 Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The Dull, flat Falschhood serves, for policy :
 And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lie :
 Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise ;
 The Fool lyes hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ;
 Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;
 Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late ;
 Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate ;
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball ; 75
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave ;
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head ! all Int'rests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
 He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette, 85
 Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron !)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?

NOTE.

ψ. 81. *Patricio*.] Lord G—n.

VOL. II.

R

A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,
 A godless Regent tremble at a Star?
 'The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
 Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
 Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same: 95
 In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
 A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
 Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
 , In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
 Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew, 101
 'That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
 Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns;

NOTE.

Y. 89. *A perjur'd Prince.*] Louis XI. of France, wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.

Y. 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

Y. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit.*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. king of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death.

Y. 93. *Europe a woman, child or dotard rule,—And just her wisest monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the king of France, the pope, and the abovementioned king of Sardinia.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former editions.

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
 Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloath or bread;
 As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
 Now save a people, and now save a great.

Ep. I. MORAL ESSAYS. 195

To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight, 105
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State :
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions shew the man; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind : 110
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East :
Not therefore humble he who seeks reireat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the Great :
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in acting lyes.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and fort them as you can. 120
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree ?
Suppress them, or misfall them policy ?
Must then at once (the character to save) 125
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave ?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Caesar would retreat ?
Caesar himself might whisper he was beat. 130

VARIATIONS.

Y. 129. in the former editions:

Ask why from Britain Caesar made retreat?
Caesar himself would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk ?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Caesar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As Caesar too afforded both the instances, it was thought better to make him the single example.

Why risk the World's great empire for a Punk?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
 One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn; 135
 A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
 A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
 A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
 Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate, 141
 Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate;
 In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145
 Blush in the rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
 And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.

'Tis Education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd. 150
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire;
 The next a Tradesman, meek and much a liar;
 Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
 Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave: 154
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
 A Quaker? sly: A Presbyterian? sow'r:
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

NOTE.

ψ. 152. *The next a tradesman, meek, and much a-lar.]*
 "The only glory of a tradesman (says Hobbes) is to grow
 "excessively rich by the wisdom of buying and selling."
 A pursuit very wide of all vain-glory; so that if he be
 given to lying, it is certainly on a more substantial motive,
 and will therefore rather deserve the name which this philo-
 sopher gives it, of wisdom. Scrib.

Ask mens Opinions : Scoto now shall tell
 How Trade increases, and the world goes well ;
 Strike off his Pension by the setting sun, 160
 And Britain, if not Europe is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?
 Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found ;
 Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by Nature ? Habit can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place :
 By Actions ? those Uncertainty divides :
 By Passions ? these Dissimulation hides :
 Opinions ? they still take a wider range : 170
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
 Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the RULING PASSIONS : There, alone,
 The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known ;
 The Fool consistent, and the False sincere ; 175
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confess'd.
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180
 Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise :

NOTES.

ψ. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found ;
 Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.*] Disasters the
 most unlook'd for, as they were what the Free-thinker's
Speculations and *Practice* were principally directed to avoid.
 The Poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that
 the sudden vision of a God was supposed to strike the irre-
 verend observer speechless. He has only a little extended
 the conceit, and supposed, that the terrors of a *Court-God*
 might have the like effect on a very devoted worshipper.

ψ. 174. *Search then the ruling passion.*] See Essay on
 Man, Ep. ii. ver. 133, *et seq.*

Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies:
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 'The Club must hail him master of the joke. 185
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that the drinks and whores;
 Enough if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt; 195
 His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His life to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant Bounty which no friend has made;
 An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A Fool, with more of wit than half mankind, 200
 'Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
 A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A Rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great. 205
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.
 Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
 Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 210
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;

NOTE.

V. 187. John Wilmot Earl of Rochester, famous for his
 Wit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
 Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice. 215.
 That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity, at praise.
 Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220.
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
 As Fits give vigour just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand. 225.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
 As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out, 230.
 As sober Laneb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
 Has made the father of a nameless race,
 Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
 By his own son, that passes by unblest'd: 235.
 Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

NOTES.

ψ. 213. — *a noble Dame a whore.*] The sister of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

ψ. 231. — *Laneb'row.*] An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by *Dancing*.

VARIATIONS.

In the former editions, ver 208.

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.
 Alter'd, as above, for obvious reasons.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate :
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :

" Mercy ! (cries Helluo), mercy on my soul ! 240

" Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end ;
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

" Odious ! in woolen ! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke),

" No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace

" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—

" And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red." 250

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir !" 255

" I give and I devise (old Euclio said,

" And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned."

" Your money, Sir ?"—" My money, Sir, what all ?

" Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul." 259

" The manor, Sir ?"—" The manor ! hold, (he cry'd)

" Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you ! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
Such in those moments as in all the past,

" Oh, save my Country, Heav'n !" shall be your last.

NOTES.

ψ. 242. *The frugal Crone.*] A fact told him, of a lady at Paris.

ψ. 247. —*the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.*] This story as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woolen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.

E P I S T L E II.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves, v. 1. &c. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: As, I. In the affected, v. 21. &c. II. In the soft-natured, v. 29, and 37. III. In the cunning and artful, v. 45. IV. In the whimsical, v. 53. V. In the lewd and vitious, v. 69. VI. In the witty and refined, v. 87. VII. In the stupid and simple, v. 101. The former part having shewn, that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, v. 207. This is occasioned, partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity, v. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this sex:—I. As to power, v. 219. II. As to pleasure, v. 231. Advice for their true interest, v. 249. The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, v. 269.

E P I S T L E II*.

T O
A L A D Y.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most Women have no Characters at all."
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true!
 Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side :
 Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there a naked Leda with a Swan.
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye;
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

NOTES.

* First published in the year 1735.

vs. 7, 8, 10, &c. *Arcadia's Countess*,—*Pastora by a fountain*—*Leda with a swan*—*Magdalene*—*Cecilia*.] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all.—The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, whereas in the *Characters of Men*, he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women*, always fictitious.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task, 25
 With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Mask:
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend. 30
 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

NOTES.

Y. 20. *Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.*]
 Alluding to the precept of *Freshney*,

—formae veneres captando fugaces.

Y. 21. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such
 characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly there-
 fore most consistent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ver. 21, &c.

VARIATIONS.

Y. 23. *Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke.*] This
 thought is expressed with great humour in the following
 stanza:

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
 Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
 'Twere well if she would pair her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.

See vol. ii. p. 85.

Papilia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is the Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!" 49

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show;
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55
And paid a Tradesman, once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
And Atheism and Religion take their turns; 66

NOTES.

ψ. 29 and 37. II. Contrarities in the *Soft-natured*.

ψ. 45. III. Contrarities in the *Cunning and Artful*.

ψ. 53. IV. In the *Whimsical*.

A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
 See Sin in State, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a Peerefs, prouder as a Punk; 70
 Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
 What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
 Her Head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with Poets thro' pure love of Wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemaine.
 As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
 The Nose of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomedé, leet'ring all mankind
 On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
 Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
 Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.

VARIATIONS.

- ψ. 69. V. In the *Lewd and Vicious*.
 ψ. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty and Refined*.
 ψ. 77. *What has not fir'd, &c.*] In the MS.
 In whose mad brain the mixt ideas roll
 Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

Wife Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease; 96
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common Thought:
 You purchase pain with all that Joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live. 100

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
 No Ass so meek, no Ass so obstinate. 105

Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.
 Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share, 105
 For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r.

Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"

Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears, 110

The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
 To kill those foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.

Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
 For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
 But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115

Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!

Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120

No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.

Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
 The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage.
 So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
 The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from Hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
 Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude :
 To that each Passion turns, or soon or late ;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
 Superiors ? death ! and Equals ? what a Curse ! 135
 But an Inferior not dependent ? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
 But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
 And Temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great ;
 A Knave this morning, and his will a Cheat.
 Strange ! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
 By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
 By Wealth of Follow'rs ! without one distress 145
 Sick of herself thro' very selfishness !
 Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
 Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir.
 To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
 Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor. 150

NOTE.

y. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, &c.*] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his philosophy, which he never loses sight of, and which teaches, that Providence is incessantly turning the evils arising from the follies and vices of men to general good.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
 Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right :
 For how should equal Colours do the knack ? 155
 Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

" Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
 Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

" With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
 " Say, what can Chloe want ?"—She wants a Heart.
 She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought; 161

But never, never reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
 Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165
 As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
 Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
 And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
 Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair. 170

Forbid it, Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
 She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.

Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
 But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

Of all her Dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.

Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a Queen:

VARIATIONS.

Curs'd chance ! this only could afflict her more,
 If any part should wander to the poor.

THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
 With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
 Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will, 186
 And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
 None see what Parts of Nature it conceals: 190
 Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
 We owe to models of an humbler kind.
 If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
 Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
 But grant, in Public Men sometimes are shown,
 A Woman's seen in private Life alone: 200

NOTES.

ψ. 198. Mah'met, servant to the late king, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person.

Ibid. Dr Stephen Hale, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish-priest.

ψ. 199. *But grant, in Public, &c.*] In the former editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of connection might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and *Illustrations* to the maxims laid down; and though some of these have since been found, viz. the characters of *Philomede*, *Atossa*, *Chloe*, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 198. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife;
 I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.

Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
 Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice, 205
 That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Passions find;
 In Women, two almost divide the kind;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of sway. 210

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
 Experience, this: by Man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take; 215
 But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
 Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
 But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
 Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means: 220

NOTES.

ψ. 206. *That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.*] For women are taught virtue so artificially, and vice so naturally, that, in the nice exercise of them, they may be easily mistaken for one another. *Scrib.*

ψ. 207. The former part having shewn, that the *particular* Characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the *general* characteristic of the sex, as to the *ruling Passion*, is more uniform.

VARIATIONS.

Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
 (As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
 The nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
 May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

ψ. 207. in the first edition.

In sev'ral men we sev'ral passions find;
 In women, two almost divide the kind.

In Youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.

But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat, 225
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!

Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:

At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend, 235

It grows their Age's prudence to pretend,
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable Night; 240
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, 245
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
Toraise the thought, and touch the heart bethine! 250
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,

Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines, 255
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day :
She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear ; 260
She who ne'er answers 'till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will, 265
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille ;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still. 270
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest :
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 275
Your taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools :
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride ;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces You. 280
Be this a Woman's Fame : with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 285
Averted half your Parents' simple pray'r ;
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself.

Ep. II. MORAL ESSAYS. 213

The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines, 290.
Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Pect.

ψ. 292.] The great moral from both these Epistles together is, that the two rarest things in all Nature, are a *Disinterested Man*, and a *Reasonable Woman*.

E P I S T L E III.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, v. 1, &c. The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, v. 21 to 77. That Riches either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, v. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, v. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, v. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, v. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, v. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, v. 199. The due Medium, and true use of Riches, v. 219. The Man of Ross, v. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, v. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, v. 339 to the End.

E P I S T L E III*.

TO ALLEN Lord BATHURST.

P. **W**HO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
 And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
 That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
 And Gold but sent to keep the Fools in play, 5
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 10
 But when by Man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,
 Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
 To squander These, and Those to hide agen.

NOTES.

* First published in the year 1732.

Epistle III.] This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
 We find our tenets just the same at last : 16
 Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
 No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
 Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 10

NOTE.

Y. 20. *John Ward*, of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects 'till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman, at the several aeras of his life: At his standing in the Pillory he was worth above two hundred thousand pounds; at his commitment to prison, he was worth one hundred and fifty thousand; but has been so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by fifty or sixty thousand.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His

B. What Nature wants commodious Gold bestows;
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

NOTE.

house was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
 The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
 Who, with an Inflexible Constancy,
 and Inimitable Uniformity of Life,
 Persisted,
 In spite of Age and Infirmities,
 In the Practice of Every Human Vice;
 Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
 His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,
 His matchless Impudence from the second.
 Nor was he more singular
 in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
 Than successful
 in *Accumulating* Wealth;
 For, without Trade or Profession,
 Without Trust of Public Money,
 And without Bribe-worthy Service,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A Ministerial Estate.
 He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who could Cheat without the Mask of Honesty,
 Retain his Primeval Meanness
 When possessed of Ten Thousand a Year;
 And having daily deserved the Gibbet for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
 On indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
 Providence connived at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-ages
 A conspicuous Proof and Example,
 Of how small Estimation is Exorbitant Wealth
 in the Sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it on the most Unworthy of all Mortals.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :
 What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25
 Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust :
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
 But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires :
 B. Trade it may help, Society extend :
 P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend.
 B. It raises armies in a Nation's aid : 31
 P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
 In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave ;
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 35
 From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 " Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
 Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly ! 40
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings ;

NOTES.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in Land, and about one hundred thousand in Money.

Mr Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity ; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly.

ψ. 35. — *beneath the Patriot's cloak.*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

ψ. 42. — *fetch or carry Kings.*] In our author's time many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had dis-

A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
 Or ship off Senates to some distant Shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro 45
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
 Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy! 50
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
 What could they more than Knights and 'Squires
 confound,

Or water all the Quorum two miles round?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
 "Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil: 56
 "Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
 "A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind. 60
 Alstride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,

NOTES.

posed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

Y. 44. *Or ship off Senates to some distant Shore.*] Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that *more glorious Fate of the Parliament of Paris*, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
 Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

'T 2

Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? 66
 His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.
 To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
 Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames. 70
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home fix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St James's a whole herd of swine?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill, 75
 To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
 Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,
 What say you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.

NOTES.

¶. 61. Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coalmines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a-year.

¶. 65. *Colepepper.*] Sir William Colepepper, Bart. a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, pass the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.

VARIATIONS.

¶. 77. *Since then, &c.*] In the former edition.
 Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
 Come take it as we find it, gold and all.

P. What Riches give us let us then enquire :
 Meat, fire, and cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
 cloaths, and fire. 80

Is this too little? Would you more than live?

Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give :

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs? 85

To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,

In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?

NOTES.

ψ. 82. *Turner.*] One, who being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expences.

ψ. 84. *Unhappy Wharton.*] A nobleman of great qualities but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the first Epistle.

ψ. 85. *Hopkins.*] A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only ly at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

ψ. 86. *Japhet, nose and ears?*] *Japhet Crook*, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was

Or heal, old Narfes, thy obfcener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail? 90
 'They might (were Harpax not too wife to fpend)
 Give Harpax, felf the bleffing of a friend;
 Or find fome Doctor that would fave the life
 Of wretched Shylock, fpite of Shylock's wife.
 But thoufands die, without or this or that, 95
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.
 To fome, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a bafard, or a fon they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:

NOTES.

at the fame time fued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he poffeffed another confiderable eftate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By thefe means he was worth a great fum, which (in reward for the fmall lofs of his ears) he enjoyed in prifon till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

ψ. 96. *Die, and endow a College or a Cat.*] A famous Duchess of R. in her laft will left confiderable legacies and annuities to her cats.

ψ. 100. *Bond damns the poor, &c.*] This Epiftle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was eftablifhed to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*: but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of fuch numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thefe unhappy fufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the Houfe, were expelled. By the report of the Committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose ufe it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, *Damn the Poor!* That "God hates the poor," and "That every man in want is "knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of fome of the perfons here mentioned.

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule 101

That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:

"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:

But the good Bishop with a meeker air, 105

Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of Pelf,

Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides

The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides. 110

B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,

Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine they foresee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found, 115

He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?

To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?

Phryne foresees a general Excise. 120

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?

Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,

And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:

NOTES

ψ. 118. *To live on ven'son.*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-Sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

ψ. 120.——*general Excise.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.

ψ. 123. *Wise Peter.*] *Peter Walter*, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free

Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store, 135
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold. 139
Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:

" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood, 135
" (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
" Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun;
" Statesman and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
" Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box, 140
" And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.

NOTES.

from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

Y. 126. *Rome's great Didius.*] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

Y. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturias.

Y. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of

" See Britain sunk in Lucre's fordid charms,
 " And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
 " arms!"

"Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
 Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain: 146

No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
 Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace. 150

" All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
 But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
 " The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
 " The ruling Passion conquers Reason still."
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame, 155
 Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim;
 For tho' such motives Folly you may call,
 The Folly's greater to have none at all. [sends,

Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heav'n each Passion
 " And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends. 160

" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
 " Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use."

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
 That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain, 165
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

NOTE.

those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they ly,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly. 170

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;
This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;
'The next a fountain, spouting thro' his Heir,
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst, 175
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot? 180

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and fallads blest'd his board!
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence, 185
And who would take the poor from Providence?

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round: 190

Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate, 195
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his Son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 182. *With soups unbought*]

—dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.

Virg.

(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow is a task indeed!) 209
 Yet sure of qualities deserving praise,
 More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
 What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
 Yet no mean motives this profusion draws, 205
 His oxen perish in his Country's Cause;
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
 And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet: 210
 Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
 Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
 In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless Country leaves him to her laws.

The Sense to value riches, with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
 To balance Fortune by a just expence,
 Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence;

VARIATIONS.

ŷ. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

“ Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,

“ More go to ruin fortunes than to raise:

which, seem necessary to do justice to the general Character about to be described.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
 Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
 In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;

With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health; 223
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate the care of Heav'n; 230
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
 As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like ambergrease, a stink it lyes, 235
 But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats,
 Is there a Lord who knows a chearful noon
 Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon? 240
 Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
 Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
 Who copies Your's, or OXFORD's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where-e'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245
 And angels guard him in the golden Mean!

NOTE.

Y. 243. Oxford's *better part*,] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe.

VARIATIONS.

There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
 And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.
 After ver. 226. in the MS.

The secret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
 Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:
 Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
 By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit.

There, English bounty yet a-while may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN OF ROSS: 250
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd, 255
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose? 260
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN OF ROSS," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN OF ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate; 265
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.

NOTE.

ψ. 250. *The Man of Ross.*] The person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore;
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

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Is any sick? the MAN OF ROSS relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271
 Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile Attornies, now an useles race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 'This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a-year. 280
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your
 blaze!

Ye little Stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name: 286
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough that Virtue fill'd the space between;
 Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been. 290

NOTE.

ψ. 281. *Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw
 your blaze! &c.*] In this sublime apostrophe, they are not
 bid to *blush* because *outstript* in virtue, for no such conten-
 tion is supposed; but for being *outshined* in their own pro-
 per pretensions to Splendor and Magnificence.

ψ. 287. *Go, search it there.*] The parish-register.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Register inrolls him with his Poor,
 Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
 Just as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
 Then stole to rest unheeded and unseen.

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living fav'd a candle's end;
 Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
 Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
 That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. 296
 Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend;
 And see what comfort it affords our end.
 In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lyes—alas! how chang'd from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim! 306
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
 Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
 Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King. 310

NOTES.

ψ. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster, and elsewhere.

ψ. 305. *Great Villiers lyes—*] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000*l.* a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.

ψ. 307. *Cliveden.*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

ψ. 308. *Shrewsbury.*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page.

No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
 No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this Lord of useless thousands ends.
 His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
 A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
 Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
 Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd? 335
 Or are they both, in this their own reward?

NOTES.

ψ. 321.--Cutler--*Arise and tell me, &c.*] This is to be understood as a *solemn evocation* of the *shade* of this illustrious Knight, in the manner of the ancients; who used to call up their departed heroes by two things they principally *loved* and *detested*, as the most potent of all charms. Hence this sage is conjured by the powerful mention of a *full*, and of an *empty purse*. *Scrib.*

A knotty point ! to which we now proceed.

But you are-tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies

Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies, 349

There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,

A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;

His word would pass for more than he was worth.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345

An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's :

Constant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd such faintship to behold,

And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old : 350

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,

And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep

The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;

Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355

And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

NOTES.

ψ. 339. *Where London's column.*] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists.

ψ. 340. *Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.*] It were to be wished, the *city-monument* had been compared to something of more dignity: as, to the *court-champion*; when, like him, it only spoke the sense of the government. *Scrib.*

ψ. 355. *Cornish.*] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people: Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
 "Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
 And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
 An honest factor stole a Gem away:
 He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
 So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
 "I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
 "Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
 "And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
 'Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent
 In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 'Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of spirit, 375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
 What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
 And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn: 380
 Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
 My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight; 385
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:

VARIATIONS.

- ψ. 337. In the former Editions,
 That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a tale?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the Fair).
 The well-bred cuckolds in St James's air :
 First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies : 390
 His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife ;
 She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
 In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
 And one more Pensioner St Stephen gains.
 My Lady falls to play ; so bad her chance, 395
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
 The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
 The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown : 400
 The Devil and the King divide the prize,
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

IMITATIONS.

ψ. 394. *And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.*

—atque unum civem donare Sibylla.

Juv.

E P I S T L E IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, v. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, v. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, v. 50. How many are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, v. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, v. 97. and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, v. 105, &c. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, v. 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, v. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 159, &c.] What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, v. 177, &c. and finally the Great and Public Works, which become a Prince, v. 191, &c.

E P I S T L E IV*.

TO SIR RICHARD BOYLE, Earl of
BURLINGTON.

'TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats; 5
Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats ;
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins ;
Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane. 10

NOTES.

* First printed in the year 1732.

Epistle IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion* being treated of in the foregoing Epistle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, just as the epistle on the *characters of women* is to that of the *knowledge and characters of men*. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compass.

ψ. 7. *Topham.*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.

ψ. 8. *For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins.*] The Author speaks here not as a philosopher or divine, but as a *Connoisseur* and *Antiquary*; consequently the *dirty* attribute here assigned these gods of old renown, is not in disparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretensions.

'Think we all these are for himself? no more
'Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.

What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."

Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool;
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.

See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,
Bids Bubo build; and sends him such a Guide: 20
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
'That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

NOTES.

ψ. 10. *And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.

ψ. 12. *Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.*] By the Author's manner of putting together these two different utensils of *false Magnificence*, it appears, that, properly speaking, neither the *Wife* nor the *Whore* is the real object of *modern taste*, but the *Finery* only: and whoever wears it, whether the *Wife* or the *Whore*, it matters not; any further than that the *latter* is thought to deserve it best, as appears from her having most of it; and so indeed becomes, by accident, the more fashionable thing of the two.

ψ. 18. *Ripley.*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art: and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Must Bishops, Lawyers, Statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Gospel, Gibbs the Law?

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
 Fill half the land with imitating Fools;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make;
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
 Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate; 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
 Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.
 Shall call the wind thro' long arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
 Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40
 Something there is more needful than Expence,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
 Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
 And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven:
 A Light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
 To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot!
 In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50

NOTES.

ψ. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

ψ. 46. Inigo Jones the celebrated architect, and M. Le Nôtre, the designer of the best gardens in France.

But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
 Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry-where be ſpy'd,
 Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds, 33
 Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
 That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'n's to ſcale,
 Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale: 60
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

Still follow Senſe, of ev'ry Art the Soul, 65
 Parts answering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance:
 Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall-make it grow
 A Work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow. 70

Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls:
 And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
 The vaſt parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
 Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
 Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the Plain, 75
 You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.

NOTES.

ψ. 70. The ſeat and gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham in Buckinghamſhire.

ψ. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the Plain,—You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.*] This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage set Dr Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet; 83
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of
A waving glow the bloomy beds display, [light;
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er— 85
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade, 90
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views, 95
With all the mournful family of yews;

NOTES.

ψ. 78. —[set Dr Clarke.] Dr S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Doctor duely frequented the court. P. But he should have added—with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit.

ψ. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

ψ. 96. —[mournful family of yews.] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of evergreens (particularly yews, which are the most tonfile) as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.

"The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air, 101
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a Town, 105
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground. 110
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene, 115
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees; 120
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;

NOTES.

ψ. 99. *At Timon's villa.*] This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.

ψ. 104. — *all Brobdignag.*] A region of giants, in the *satires* of Gulliver.

Ep. IV. M O R A L E S S A Y S. 243

Unwater'd see the dropping sea-horse mourn, 125
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen :
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat; 130
And when up ten steep slopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stor'd ?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;
To all their dated backs he turns you round ; 135
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo some are Vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r :
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.

NOTES.

ψ. 124. The two statues of the *Gladiator Fugnans* and *Gladiator Moriens*.

ψ. 130. The *approaches* and *communications* of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient.

ψ. 133. *His study*, &c.] The false taste in books ; a satire on the vanity of collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding ; some have carried it so far as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood ; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

ψ. 143. The false taste in *music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organists, &c.

On painted ceilings you devoutly stare, 145
 Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
 Or gilded clouds in fair expansion ly,
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.
 To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
 Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150
 But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
 A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
 The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
 And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
 Is this a dinner? this a genial room? 155
 No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb;

NOTES.

Y. 145. And in *painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.

Y. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre.*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places.

Y. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact: a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought "it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."

Y. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *ornaments*, (tho' sometimes practised by the Ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced in grottos or buffets.

Ibid. *The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace.*] The circumstance of being *well-colour'd* shews this ornament not only to be very absurd, but very *odious* too; and has a peculiar beauty, as, in one instance of false taste, viz. *an injudicious choice in imitation*, he gives (in the epithet employed) the suggestion of another, which is the *injudicious manner of it*.

Y. 155. *Is this a dinner, &c.*] The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

Y. 156. — *a hecatomb.*] Alluding to the *hundred footsteps* before.

A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
 You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
 Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
 Between each Act the trembling salvers ring, 161
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread 170
 The lab'rer bears : what his hard heart denies,
 His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
 Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like
 'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence, [BOYLE?
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense. 180

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his neighbours glad, if he encrease;

NOTES.

ψ. 160. *Sancho's dread Doctor.*] See Don Quixote, ch. xlvii.

ψ. 169. *Yet hence the poor, &c.*] The *Moral* of the whole; where *Providence* is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ψ. 230-7, and in the Epistle preceding this, ψ. 161, &c.

Whose chearful tenants blefs their early toil,
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the foil;
 Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed 183
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or shew,
 But future building, future navies, grow:
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a country, and then raise a town. 190
 You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
 Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
 'Till Kings call forth th' ideas of your mind, 195
 (Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)

NOTE.

Ψ. 195, 197, &c. 'Till Kings—*Bid harbours open, &c.*] The Poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expenditure in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land, (which is satirically alluded to in our Author's imitation of Horace, lib. II. sat. ii.)

" Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall.") others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself: the proposal of building a bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an act for building a bridge passed through both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our Author alludes in these lines.

Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main; 100
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land:
These Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

NOTE.

“ Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?

“ Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.”

See the notes on that place.

E P I S T L E V.

To Mr ADDISON.

Occasioned by his DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanish'd, like their dead!
 Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
 Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

NOTE.

Epistle V.] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr Addison intended to publish his Book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr Tickel's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the Third Epistle treated of the extremes of *avarice* and *profusion*, and the Fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the Third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is therefore a corollary to the Fourth.

Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That Name the Learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust: 20
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more :
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.

A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps, 25
Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, ly.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams. 40
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd :
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine : 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor blush these studies thy regard engage ;
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage : 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh ! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?
 Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face ;
 There, Warriors frowning in historic brass :
 'Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ; 60
 Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 'Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine ;
 With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 " Statesman, yet friend to Truth ! of soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear ;

NOTES.

Y. 49. *Nor blush these studies thy regard engage.*] This false shame Mr Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, exposed in his account of Mr Congreve: "He
 " had one defect, which was his entertaining too mean an
 " idea of his first profession, (that of a writer), though it
 " was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of
 " his works as of trifles that were beneath him ; and hint-
 " ed to me in our first conversation, that I should visit him
 " upon no other foot than that of a gentleman, who led a
 " life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had
 " he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I
 " should never have come to see him ; and I was very much
 " disgusted at so unreasonable a piece of vanity." Letters
 concerning the English Nation, 19.

Y. 67. *Statesman, yet friend to Truth, &c.*] It should be remembered, that this poem was written to be printed be-

“ Who broke no promise, serv’d no private end,
 “ Who gain’d no title, and who lost no friend; 70
 “ Ennobled by himself, by all approv’d,
 “ And prais’d, unenvy’d, by the Muse he lov’d.”

NOTES.

fore Mr Addison’s Discourse on Medals, in which there is the following censure of long legends upon coins. “ The first fault I find with a modern legend is its diffusiveness. “ You have sometimes the whole side of a medal over-run with it. One would fancy the author had a design of being Ciceronian—but it is not only the tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with; supposing them of a moderate length, why must they be in verse? We should be surpris’d to see the title of a serious book in rhyme.” Dial. iii.

ψ. ult. *And prais’d, unenvy’d, by the Muse he lov’d.*] It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres as were those of Mr Craggs and Mr Pope, should have their friendship disturbed by envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr Pope and Mr Addison are hinted at in this place.

E P I S T L E

T O

Dr ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S.

VOL. II.

Y

ADVERTISEMENT

T O

The first publication of this *Epistle*.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is Judge) but my *Person, Morals and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this *Epistle*. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the *vicious* or the *ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at if they please. I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free Use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

E P I S T L E

T O

DR ARBUTHNOT.

P. **S**HUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
 Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The Dog-star rages : nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :

NOTES.

Arbuthnot.] At the time of publishing this Epistle, Mr Pope's patience was quite worn out by the impertinence of scribblers of all ranks and conditions; as well those who courted his favour, as those who envied his reputation, so that he had resolved to quit his hands of both together, by publishing a Dunciad. This design he communicated to his friend Dr Arbuthnot; who, as Mr Pope's friend and physician, was solicitous of his ease and health, and therefore unwilling he should provoke so powerful a party. Their difference of opinion occasioned this dialogue; in which the author has interwoven an apology for his moral and poetic character.

Y. 1. Shut, shut the door, good John!] John Searl, his old and faithful servant; whom he has remembered, under that character, in his will.

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross*?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and, in humble strain, 21
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath, or love? 30
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped:
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead:
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.

NOTE.

ψ. 13. *Mint*.] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20. in the MS.

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
Is there a prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise—

ψ. 29. in the first Edition.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

I fit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane, 41
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it, 45

"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"But here's a letter

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

Bless me! a packet—"Tis a stranger sues, 55

"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The players and I are luckily no friends. 60

NOTE.

ψ. 49. *Pitholeon*.] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat. l. 1. Dr Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Caesar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.

ψ. 60. in the former Edition,

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

Fir'd that the house rejects him, "Sdeath, I'll print it,
 "And shame the fools--Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 "Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
 All my demurs but double his attacks; 65
 At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door;
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A. Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
 I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings: 76
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing---P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

NOTES.

ψ. 69. *'Tis sung, when Midas' &c.*] He means sung by
 Persius; and the words alluded to are,

"Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle!

"Auriculas asini Mida Rex habet."

ψ. 72. *Queen.*] The story is told by some, of his Barber,
 but by Chaucer of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale*, in
 Dryden's Fables.

ψ. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:*
 i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible.

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 92
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 'Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of slimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord and whore?
 His butchers Henly, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God-sake—you'll offend,
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

NOTES.

ψ. 88. Alluding to Horace,
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinae.

ψ. 98. —*free-masons Moor?*] He was of this society,
 and frequently headed their processions.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. III. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
 Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court: 115
I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an Eye—" 120
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin, to me unknown, 125
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

NOTES.

ψ. 118. *Sir! you have an Eye.*] It is remarkable that amongst these compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

ψ. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] Mr Pope began to write verses farther back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's Homer fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; and soon after Sandys's Ovid. He was then so charmed with those books, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. About ten, he turned the

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 124. in the MS,

But Friend, this shape, which you and Curl * admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire†:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother ‡, not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* *Curl set up his head for a sign.* † *His father was crooked.*

‡ *His Mother was much afflicted with head-achs.*

I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
 The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wise,
 To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
 And teach the Being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
 Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
 And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
 Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140

NOTES.

transactions of the *Iliad* into a play, made up of speeches from Ogilby's translation, tacked together with verses of his own; and had the address to persuade his school-fellows to act it. At twelve he went with his father into Windforest; and then got first acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden. On the first sight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His poems were never out of his hands: they became his model; and from them alone he learned the whole magic of his versification. In that year he began an epic poem, which Ep. Atterbury long afterwards persuaded him to burn. He wrote, too, in these early days, a comedy and tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the legend of St Genevieve; both which underwent the same fate. As he began his pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who says, "*Cum canerem reges et prælia*," &c. *Ecl.* 6. ver. 3. &c.

ψ. 130. *No father disobey'd.*] When Mr Pope was yet a child, his father, though no poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, "These are good rhymes."

ψ. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled, *Dryden's Satire to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

And St John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks. 145

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still:
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
 I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint. 156

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160

NOTES.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at sixteen or seventeen years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor-Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following,

While pure Description held the place of Sense? &c.

ψ. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors, says Mr Pope, of secret and scandalous history;—but by no means, says Mr Warburton, of the same class, though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistake. If the first (adds he) offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse.

ψ. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream*, is a verse of Mr Addison.

Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribbalds.
 From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds.
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
 The things we know are neither rich nor rare, 171
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear, [a-year ;
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :

NOTES.

ψ. 164. *Slashing Bentley.*] This great man, with all his faults, deserved to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amiss. "Habuit a
 " natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limave-
 " rat, quod erat in reprehendis verbis versutum et sol-
 " lers: sed sæpe stomachosum, non nunquam frigidum, inter-
 " dum etiam facetum."

ψ. 173. *Were others angry :*] The Poets.

ψ. 180.—*a Persian tale.*] Amb. Philips translated a Book
 called the *Persian Tales*.

And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning : 186
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
All these my modest Satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires ;

NOTES.

ŷ. 189. *All these, my modest Satire bade translate.*] See their Works, in the Translation of Classical Books by several hands.

ŷ. 190. *Nine such Poets, &c.*] Alluding not to the Nine Muses, but to nine tailors.

ŷ. 192. *And swear, not Addison himself was safe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following transition ; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourably of the severity of the satire by those who were strangers to the provocation.

ŷ. 193. *But were there one whose fires, &c.*] Mr Pope's friendship with Mr Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and constant intercourses of good offices. Mr Addison was always commending moderation, warned his friend against a blind attachment to party, and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription ; but at the same time advised Mr Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr Pope made his friend's interest his own, (see Note on ver. 215. 1st Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) ; and when Dennis so brutally attacked the tragedy of Cato, he wrote the piece called, A Narrative of his Madness.

Thus things continued till Mr Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius in poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy ; and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (see his Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the Exam-

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :

NOTE.

ners; and, under an affected care for the government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself first to Mr Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. The Rape of the Lock had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air, which was done by advancing it into a mock epic poem. In order to this it was to have its machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the Rosicrucian system. Full of this noble conception, he communicated it to Mr Addison, who he imagined would have been equally delighted with the improvement: on the contrary, he had the mortification to have his friend receive it coldly; and more, to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem in its original state was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal*. Mr Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: and, after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. Mr Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new version in a severe critic upon it. I have now by me the copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own work so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due to it. About this time, Mr Addison's son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, told Mr Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr Pope's superior talents in poetry had hurt him, and to such a de-

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 205
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise---

NOTE.

agree, that he had underhand encouraged Gildon to write a thing about Wycherley, in which he had scurrilously abused Mr Pope and his family; and for this service he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day Mr Pope, in a great heat, wrote Mr Addison a letter, wherein he told him he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate; but that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deserved praise, he would not deny him to the world: and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed, which was the character, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr Addison treated Mr Pope with civility, and, as Mr Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death, which happened about three years after.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,

Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the First Book of the Iliad.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be !
 Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he !
 What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps in capitals ?
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
 I sought no homage from the Race that write ;
 I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their sight : 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great GEORGE ! a birth-day
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days, [song.
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230
 Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)

NOTES.

ψ. 216. — *claps in capitals.*] The bills of quack-doctors and quack-booksellers, being usually pasted together on the same posts.

ψ. 236. — *a true Pindar stood without a head.*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide Fulv. Ursin, &c.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days ate : 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise.
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
 Dryden alone (what wonder ?) came not nigh, 245
 Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :
 But still the Great have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!
 May ev'ry Bavius have his Buso still! 250
 So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Blest be the *Great!* for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me; for they left me *GAY*;
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My Verse, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn!
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too! 261
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)

NOTE.

ψ. 248. — help'd to bury.] Mr Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.

VARIATIONS.

Our Ministers like Gladiators live,
 'Tis half their bus'ness blows to ward, or give;
 The good their Virtue would effect, or Sense,
 Lies between Exigents and Self-defence.

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please:
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
 I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
 Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
 Heav'n's! was I born for nothing but to write?
 Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? 274
 "I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
 " (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
 " No, such a Genius never can ly still."
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes
 The first Lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes. 280
 Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
 When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
 Fame, like the wind, may breathe where-e'er it will.
 The world I knew, but made it not my school,
 And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

After ver 282. in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately; was it understood?

Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
 As rumbling D—s or a Norfolk hound,
 With *George* and *Fred'ric* roughen ev'ry verse,
 Then smoothe up all, and *Caroline* rehearse.

P. No—the high task to list up Kings to Gods,
 Leave to Court-sermons, and to birth-day Odes.
 On themes like these, superior far to thine,
 Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.
 Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence, if you keep,
 The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,
 Who loves a lie, lame Slander helps about,
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out : 290
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray :
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there; 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction lie :
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk? 306
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :

NOTE.

ψ. 299. *Who to the Dean and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on Taste. See Mr Pope's Letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies :
 His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
 Eve's tempter thus, the Rabbins have express, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same :
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :

NOTES.

℥. 319. See Milton, book iv.

℥. 320. *Half froth.*] Alluding to those frothy excretions, called by the people *toad-spits*, seen in summer-time hanging upon plants, and emitted by young insects which ly hid in the midst of them, for their preservation, while in their helpless state.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355

NOTES.

ψ. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long.*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic imagination could give to a great genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris: "I intend to send you two or three poems of Mr Pope, the best poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem, called 'The Essay on Criticism, as superior to the Art of Poetry of Horace; and his Rape of the Lock is, in my opinion, above the Lutrin of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." MS. Letter, Oct. 15, 1726.

ψ. 350. — *the lie so oft o'erthrown.*] As that he received Subscriptions for Shakespeare; that he set his name to Mr Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistles*.

ψ. 351. *Th' imputed trash.*] Such as profane psalms, court-poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

ψ. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread.*]

The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'rist Dennis will confess 370
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moor.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie. 375

NOTES.

Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr Swift, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

ψ. 374. —*ten years.*] It was so long after many libels before the Author of the Dunciad published that Poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.

ψ. 375. —*Welsted's lie.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 368. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a female wit:

To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
 Let Budget charge low Grubstreet on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
 Let the two Curls of town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

NOTES.

that he had libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds*: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *any great man* whatsoever.

ψ. 378. *Let Budget.*] Budget, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr Tindal, in the *Grub-street Journal*; a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.

ψ. 379. — *except his Will.*] Alluding to Tindal's will; by which, and other indirect practices, Budget, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

ψ. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*; and the following line,

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,
 had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey.—His mother was the daughter of W. Turnor Esq; of York: she had three brothers, one of whom was killed,

VARIATIONS.

Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid:
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did!
 Great odds, in am'rous or poetic game,
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
'That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! 385
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own. 390

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
'The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age. 395
No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;

NOTE.

another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.

QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHÆ. CONIUGI. INCVLPA BILI.

PIENTISSIMÆ. QVÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBUS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

Oh Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:

Me, let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing Age,

With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410

Make Languor smile, and smoothe the bed of Death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep a while one parent from the sky!

On cares like these if length of days attend,

May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,

Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 416

And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.

A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,

Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

Y. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.*] A compliment to his friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite physician of Queen Anne.

Y. 418. A. *Whether that blessing, &c.*] He makes his friend close the dialogue with a sentiment very expressive of that religious resignation which was the character both of his temper and his piety.

VARIATIONS.

After ver 405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?

Take then this verse, the trifle of a day:

And if it live, it lives but to commend

The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,

Or head an Author: Critic, yet polite,

And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

